SUNNY BOY ON THE OCEAN

RAMY ALLISON WHITE

Sunny Boy and Frank buried Mr. Horton in the sand.

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BY

RAMY ALLISON WHITE

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"Sunny Boy in the Country," "Sunny Boy and His Playmates," "Sunny Boy in the Far West," Etc.

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SUNNY BOY ON THE OCEAN

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SUNNY BOY ON THE OCEAN

CHAPTER I

THE NEW SUIT

"I NEVER knew a boy to have as much fun as you do," said Nelson Baker.

Sunny Boy thought this over.

"But you have fun, too," he argued. "You're going away next week—your mother said so."

"But you're going the day after to-morrow!" Ruth Baker, Nelson's sister, pointed out.

Sunny Boy had to admit it, but in his heart he thought his friends were just a bit unreasonable. How could he help it, if he was going to the seashore a few days before they went to the mountains?

"Is that Bell's wagon?" he asked eagerly, as

a red wagon, pulled by a white horse, rolled past the house.

"You know it isn't," Ruth said. "Bell's haven't a wagon—they have automobiles. Don't they Nelson?"

"Sure, they do," declared Nelson. "Anyway, why are you watching all the wagons, Sunny Boy?"

"I guess I know Bell's delivery wagon when I see it," Sunny Boy maintained. "I'm watching for a red wagon, because my new sailor suit is coming home from the store."

Ruth and Nelson were sure that Bell's department store had automobiles for delivering their packages and Sunny Boy was equally certain that they used horses and wagons. The three were so excited, trying to settle this point, that for a time they did not notice another boy who had stopped to listen.

"Here's Oliver!" shouted Sunny Boy, when he saw him. "Say, Oliver, you know Bell's department store, don't you? Well——"

"Is that the place where they have the red banner hung out across the street?" interrupted Oliver Dunlap.

"My, no! That's Carpenter's store," Ruth Baker informed him. "My mother has a cousin who works there, so I know."

Sunny Boy saw that it was useless to expect Oliver to pay any attention to anything that was asked him until he had an answer to his own question.

"Bell's store is that big gray building on Bank Street," explained Sunny Boy patiently. "You know, Oliver—where they have the North Pole in the window at Christmas time."

Oliver remembered. He, too, had been down town to see the Christmas sights, and the North Pole scene in the big shop window had fascinated him as much as it had Sunny Boy.

"All right. I know where it is," and he nodded. "What about it?"

"Don't they use wagons?" cried Sunny Boy.

"Don't they have automobiles?" Ruth and Nelson shouted together.

Oliver refused to be excited.

"I don't know; but I can tell you how to find out," he said calmly. "Telephone and ask 'em."

"Oh, no—that might be a bother," Sunny Boy protested.

"It will save you a lot of trouble," said Nelson Baker. "You won't have to be watching all the wagons after you know they use automobiles."

Sunny Boy knew that neither his mother nor Harriet, who lived with them and helped them keep house, was at home. But he had often talked over the telephone to his daddy at the office. He was sure he could manage to talk to a department store.

"I'll look up the number for you," offered Nelson, as they all trooped after Sunny Boy into the house.

Nelson was the oldest of the four children and he could read nearly anything. He sat

down on the floor with the telephone book in his lap and hunted for the store number.

"Marigold, 6543," he told Sunny Boy.

Sunny Boy sat down at the telephone table and took the receiver off the hook.

"Marigold, 6543," he repeated confidently.

"Hello!" they heard him say in a few minutes. "Is this Bell's—Bell's, the department store? Yes, I asked for them—that's the number I wanted—why, isn't this right?"

"That was a grocery store!" he cried, turning accusingly to Nelson. "The man said he could sell me butter and eggs, but not much else. You *said* that was the right number, Nelson."

Nelson squinted at the book a second time.

"Gee, I guess I made a mistake," he said. "I was looking at the number printed on top of Bell's. Listen, Sunny Boy! This is right, honestly it is: Clover, 7892."

Sunny Boy repeated the number into the telephone a little doubtfully, but in a second a voice said, "Bell's."

"I—I want to know—that is, we'd like to know," Sunny Boy stammered, "whether your store uses horses or automobiles?"

"What for?" clicked the voice in his ears. Nelson was standing so close to the 'phone that he could hear, too.

"Well, we wanted to know, because we're out in front watching," Sunny Boy began to explain. "I said horses—"

"No, no! I'm asking you what do we use them *for*?" the voice broke in impatiently.

"For delivering," whispered Nelson. "Tell him for delivering."

"For delivering," the obedient Sunny Boy repeated.

"Oh, I understand you now. Why, we use some horse-and-wagon deliveries, but most of our routes are automobiles," the voice replied quickly.

"Ask him when your sailor suit's coming," prompted Ruth.

"Please, when will my new sailor suit come?" Sunny Boy questioned hurriedly.

The voice shot back another question.

"When did you buy it?" it asked.

"Yesterday. Yesterday afternoon. Mother was with me," said Sunny Boy.

"Then you'll get it this afternoon," the voice assured him.

Sunny Boy was going to say "good-by" and hang up the receiver, but Nelson joggled his elbow.

"Ask him whether it will come in a horse-and-wagon or in an automobile," he ordered.

Sunny Boy was afraid he was asking more questions than was really polite, but he liked to please Nelson.

"Will my new sailor suit come in a horse-and-wagon or an automobile?" he said anxiously.

To his surprise the voice broke into a chuckle.

"Not taking any chances are you?" the speaker laughed. "Well, young man, I can tell you this—it won't come *in* a horse; not

unless the driver is careless and feeds your new sailor suit to his horse instead of a bag of oats. But I'll have to know where you live before I can tell you whether to watch for a wagon or a car."

"I live at two-sixty-six Glenn Avenue," said Sunny Boy quickly.

"Then you watch out for a red wagon and a spotted horse," the voice directed him. "Anything else I can do for you to-day?"

"No-o, I guess not. Thank you," Sunny Boy answered, and he sighed as he put the receiver back on the hook. Telephoning was hard work.

"What did they say?" asked Oliver curiously.

"It's coming this afternoon in a red wagon with a spotted horse," Sunny Boy reported. "I said it would be a horse and wagon."

"But they do have automobiles!" Nelson insisted. "The man said so! And our sofa came in an automobile. Didn't it, Ruth?"

Ruth nodded. "Yes, it did; and Mother bought it at Bell's," she declared.

"Well, you're both right," Oliver said sensibly. "Let's go out and watch for the spotted horse."

The children trailed out to the front steps again and sat down in a row to watch for a red wagon and a spotted horse.

"I suppose you're going to wear a sailor suit at the seashore?" said Ruth, who liked to ask questions.

"Yes," said Sunny Boy, smiling. "And I'm going to wear it somewhere else. But that is a secret."

"Are you going somewhere else, Sunny Boy?" Nelson cried. "Are you? I don't think it's fair if you're going somewhere else. You've been out West and you've been to the seashore—before this time—and you've been to New York. And now you're going somewhere else."

"Well, so would you if you could go," said Oliver Dunlap. "I wouldn't mind traveling around myself. Where are you going, Sunny Boy?"

"It's a secret," Sunny Boy declared, wondering how his friends had guessed that he was going anywhere. Surely he had not told them!

"Tell us about the sailor suit," said Ruth, more interested in that than in Sunny Boy's travels. "Has it anchors?"

"It's a regular sailor suit," Sunny Boy informed her. "Just exactly like the suit the sailor wore who danced in the 'Puff Ball.' Remember that?"

"The Puff Ball" had been a large entertainment given by children to aid a children's hospital a few weeks after Christmas. The Baker children had gone with Sunny Boy and Harriet and they remembered the sailor very well.

"I didn't see it," Oliver reminded them. "What did he do?"

"He danced," said Sunny Boy. "It was called the sailors' hornpipe. I can do it, too, when I get my sailor suit."

Ruth clapped her hands delightedly.

"Do it now!" she begged. "Do it now, Sunny Boy. It was so nice and funny. Show it to Oliver!"

Sunny Boy looked up and down the street. It was a quiet afternoon and there were no people anywhere to be seen.

"All right, I'll do it now," he agreed. "Only you'll have to pretend I have on my sailor suit."

The others promised to pretend and Sunny Boy plunged into the dance—the sailors' hornpipe. He had to pretend the music, too. He ducked and scraped and waggled his feet in glee, trying to remember just how the sailor who had danced at the entertainment had looked.

"Go on!" Ruth urged, when he showed signs of stopping. "Go on, Sunny Boy! Do it some more."

Sunny Boy obligingly danced and jigged until he was red in the face and he had no more breath left to dance with. At this unfortunate moment, Nelson made a discovery.

"There's a spotted horse!" he shouted.

"Look! There's a spotted horse and a red wagon on the other side of the street! The man's coming over here!"

The children looked. Sure enough, a white and brown spotted horse was standing still. He was harnessed to a bright red wagon that had "Bell's" written on it in gold letters. The driver was crossing the street, a package in his hand.

"Does Mrs. Harry Horton live here?" he asked.

Sunny Boy gasped. He struggled to speak. He was out of breath, but he was sure he knew what was in that flat, gray package.

CHAPTER II

READY TO GO

"DOES Mrs. Harry Horton live here?" the driver said again. "Is this two-sixty-six Glenn Avenue?"

Oliver or Nelson or Ruth could have answered, but they didn't. They knew how much Sunny Boy wanted to tell the man, and they kept as still as mice. In a moment or two Sunny Boy found his voice. He really had lost it, because he had danced so long and so hard.

"That's my mother!" he cried earnestly.

"Oh!" the driver said. "Well, then, perhaps you'll run in with this package for her. It's from Bell's."

"I know," cried Sunny Boy, grasping the box eagerly. "I know! It's my new sailor suit!"

The driver laughed. He was already running

back to his spotted horse and the red wagon.

"You don't say!" he called over his shoulder. "Ship ahoy, matie!"

Then he scrambled up on the seat and drove off, but he looked back just as he was ready to turn the corner and shouted: "Ship ahoy!"

"Open it!" urged Ruth Nelson, dancing up and down. "Open it, Sunny Boy. I want to see how it looks."

But Sunny Boy did not think he ought to open the package. He said he would wait till his mother or Harriet came home.

"I don't believe my mother would like me to open it when she isn't here," he said firmly.

The children knew it was no use to tease him, for when Sunny Boy made up his mind to do something, or not to do it, he could not be persuaded to change.

"Well, I have to be going," said Oliver Dunlap. "I only stopped for just a minute, anyway."

Just then Nelson's mother called him and Ruth to come in.

That left Sunny Boy alone on the steps with his package. Perhaps you do not know what kind of little boy he was, and if you have not met him before you will not know that "Sunny Boy" was not his real name. No indeed! He had a much longer name, and it was Arthur Bradford Horton. He was named for his grandfather, and one of the happiest summers Sunny Boy ever spent was when he went to visit this grandfather who lived on a farm. How Sunny Boy and Grandpa Horton visited is told in the first book of this series, called "Sunny Boy in the Country."

That visit seemed to start Sunny Boy on his travels, and he and his mother went to the seashore next and not long after that to the big city of New York where Sunny Boy had plenty of adventures and learned all about traffic policemen. Of course he didn't go to places all the time—my no! Sunny Boy had to go to

school like all boys, and when he wasn't going to school he was playing with his friends and inventing games to amuse them. They said no one could plan new games as Sunny Boy could.

But when his daddy and mother were to take a trip, you wouldn't expect them to leave Sunny Boy at home, would you? Certainly not, and that is how he happened to leave Centronia, where he lived, and go all the way to Casstirolia to visit his Uncle Dod. The very exciting times he had before he even reached there are told in the seventh Sunny Boy book, called "Sunny Boy in the Far West." As Sunny Boy himself said, going West was more exciting than going to New York. There he was lost in the subway, but out West he lost his train, and a train, as perhaps you know, isn't often lost.

"I wish my mother would come home," said Sunny Boy in a little sing-song voice, holding the pasteboard box carefully on his lap. "I wish Harriet would come home. I wish my mother would come home."

"Hello, Sunny Boy!" said the postman, putting down a letter on top of the box. "That's for your father. I hear you're going away again. Is it to China this time?"

Sunny Boy smiled at the postman. The two were great friends.

"Not to China," he corrected. "Porto Rico." He forgot that that part was to be kept a secret for a while. Daddy Horton was going there on business and he thought it best that it should not be talked about for a time. Sunny Boy himself had found it out only by accident, and it was then that Daddy said they would have "a secret" about it.

"You are?" said the postman, looking surprised. "Why, I thought you were just going down to the shore for a little vacation—to make you well, you know."

Sunny Boy knew he was teasing. There wasn't another boy on the block who had redder cheeks than Sunny Boy or who could roller-skate faster—that is, any boy his age. He

didn't need to go to the seashore to be made well.

"We *are* going to the seashore," explained Sunny Boy gravely. "Aunt Bessie is going, too. After that we're going to Boston and get on a boat and go to Porto Rico."

"My stars, you'll be a regular sailor, won't you?" the postman said.

"I have a new sailor suit! It's in this box, but I can't show it to you because Mother isn't home yet," announced Sunny Boy, speaking very fast because he didn't want the postman to go till he had told him about the suit.

"That will be just the thing to wear on board ship," the postman declared. "Remember me to the mermaids, won't you, Sunny Boy?"

"I never saw any, but perhaps there will be some down there," Sunny Boy answered, watching the postman run up the steps of the next house.

He dropped some letters in the slit in the door, blew his whistle, and ran down again.

"Don't forget about the mermaids!" he called, as he crossed the street to the other houses.

Sunny Boy looked up the street. Some one was coming toward him, waving her hand. It was his Aunt Bessie.

"Why, chicken, where are all the folks?" she asked gayly, as she came up to him and kissed him. "I saw you sitting here like a little lost boy. Is anything the matter?"

Sunny Boy explained that no one was at home, then he and Aunt Bessie went into the house and untied the string around the box. Aunt Bessie said that new suits should be taken out and hung up, because they would get wrinkled if left too long in a package.

Before they had time to fold up the paper and the string neatly and put it in the black and red bag that Harriet kept in the kitchen for string and paper, in came Mrs. Horton, Sunny Boy's mother, and then Harriet.

They were all eager to see how Sunny Boy was going to look in his new sailor suit, so he

put it on. It was declared a perfect fit. It had a red eagle embroidered on one sleeve. There were three rows of white braid around the collar and on the cuffs. And, nicest of all, there was a whistle on a white cord. This cord went around Sunny Boy's neck and the whistle in his pocket.

Aunt Bessie was a music teacher, and she could play the loveliest dance music you ever heard. She sat down at the piano in the parlor and played for Sunny Boy to dance his hornpipe. It went much better to music, and he felt exactly like a real sailor except, of course, he wasn't on a ship.

"Perhaps you'll be a sailor when you grow up," said Aunt Bessie, when the dance was over and Sunny Boy's feet and her nimble fingers were tired.

But Mrs. Horton said she hoped her little boy wouldn't be a sailor, because he would have to go so far away from home.

"I think I'd rather be a policeman," said

Sunny Boy, and, goodness, Aunt Bessie didn't want him to be that.

"I won't be anything right away," Sunny Boy promised, kissing his mother and then Aunt Bessie.

And that seemed to please them all, even Harriet, who had waited to get supper till she saw Sunny Boy dance his hornpipe.

When Daddy Horton came home for supper he told Sunny Boy that all his business was going along all right, and that now he could tell Nelson and Ruth and the others about the trip to Porto Rico. Of course Sunny Boy ran at once into the back yard and called to Nelson to come to hear "the secret."

The next day was a busy one for them all. Mrs. Horton and Aunt Bessie and Harriet packed the trunks and Mr. Horton and Sunny Boy dashed around in the auto, asking about tickets and reminding the expressman to come the following morning. Sunny Boy always enjoyed getting ready to go anywhere. He

said it was fun to have a lot of things to do. He thought it was exciting when the store sent his daddy's new bag to a house at the other end of the city and he and Daddy had to go and fetch it themselves.

The Baker children and Oliver Dunlap and some of the other boys who lived in the neighborhood came in and asked to see the sailor suit. They thought it was nice to go to the seashore, but every one of them declared that going on a boat to Porto Rico was the nicest thing that could happen to any one.

"Be sure you don't let a wave wash you overboard, Sunny Boy," said Ruth Baker anxiously. "I saw a picture once, and a wave was going right over the boat and two little boys were inside it."

"I'll be careful," Sunny Boy promised.

Daddy Horton was going to take them to the seashore in his car—Sunny Boy and his mother, Aunt Bessie and Harriet. Sunny Boy thought that the morning would never come,

but his mother said that she was afraid it would come too soon. That was because she had so much to do. Sunny Boy and his daddy helped her all they could, and at last the trunks were locked, all the shades pulled down, little notes left for the milkman and the paper boy and the ice man, and Mrs. Horton declared that she could go to bed and not have to remember another thing which must be attended to.

Bright and early the next morning they were up. Harriet cooked breakfast and they ate it in the kitchen. That was fun, too, because it seemed like a picnic. Sunny Boy said he would like always to eat in the kitchen, but Mrs. Horton was sure he wouldn't like it all the time.

"Dining-rooms were made to eat in," said Harriet, her eyes twinkling as she washed the dishes and whisked them away to their proper places. "If you always ate in the kitchen, you'd think it was exciting to eat in the dining-room."

The expressman came for the trunks almost as soon as they had finished breakfast, and, dear

me, he was a noisy man. He whistled so loudly and he shouted so cheerfully and he banged the two large trunks and the flat steamer trunk down the steps with so many crashes that all the children in the neighborhood heard him and came running.

"There goes Sunny Boy's trunks!" cried Oliver Dunlap, dashing down the block.

"Are you going now, Sunny Boy?" Ruth Baker screamed, running out of her house with her bib still tied around her neck.

Nelson followed her and Jimmie Butterworth came running and Leslie Bradin. Leslie was fat and made a noise like a little steam engine if he ran very fast.

"Are you going now, Sunny Boy?" asked all the children "at the top of their lungs," as Harriet said.

"In a minute!" shouted Daddy Horton, putting his hands together and calling through them, as though he were speaking to some one miles

away. "In a minute. We'll sound the horn when we start!"

"Harry! What *will* the neighbors think?" Mrs. Horton cried, laughing. "I never heard so much racket! Every one will be glad to see us go. Sunny Boy, have you a clean handkerchief?"

Sunny Boy said he had, and fifteen minutes later the door was closed and locked and they were ready to go. There was a little crowd of children lined up now on the curb, and they watched gravely till the bags and packages and the people were stowed safely in the car.

"Good-by, Sunny Boy!" they shrieked in chorus. "Have a nice time!"

"Wait a minute!" Nelson Baker called. "Wait a minute! You dropped something!"

CHAPTER III

THE GINGHAM SHOPPE

"DADDY!" said Sunny Boy, almost falling out of the car as he tried to look back. "Wait a minute, Daddy! We dropped something!"

Daddy Horton stopped and, opening the door, looked down the street. They had gone perhaps a block and a half, and all the children were streaming after the car.

"They'll follow us to Nestle Cove," giggled Harriet. "We'll have to take them with us."

Nelson was shouting something as he ran. When he caught up with the car Sunny Boy could hear what he was saying.

"It's a nut!" cried Nelson. "A nut out of the machinery! I saw it fall out." And he looked anxiously at the car as though he ex-

pected to see it drop to pieces right then and there.

Mr. Horton took the little iron ring, thickly coated with black grease.

"That isn't out of our car," he said positively. "You must be mistaken, Nelson. It may have been lying in the gutter for several days."

"I know what that belongs to," Sunny Boy declared. "It's out of your express wagon, Nelson. It goes down next to the wheel; you look and see if something isn't lost when you get home."

The five children hopped off the running board and Nelson put the nut in his pocket.

"Perhaps it does belong to the express wagon," he said. "I'll look. But I thought it came off your car."

"It's very good of you to run after us with it," said Mrs. Horton, smiling. "Keep out of the street going back, won't you, children?"

They promised to be careful and Mr. Horton started the car again.

"Good-by, Sunny Boy!" the children shouted. "Good-by! Have a nice time!"

Sunny Boy stood up on the back seat and waved to them as long as he could see them. The last glimpse he had showed Nelson stopping in the middle of the sidewalk to untie Ruth's bib for her.

"I remember going to the seashore before," said Sunny Boy, as the car rolled along.

"Seems to me I remember something about stove polish in the lunch," Mr. Horton remarked, his eyes twinkling. "Who was the little boy who did that, Sunny Boy? Do you remember his name?"

"I did," replied Sunny Boy. "But I didn't know it was stove polish. It smelled as good as licorice, Daddy."

"Well, yes, it did smell good," Daddy Horton admitted. "But, you see, I can't help worrying about the lunch. Perhaps this year you put something else in."

Sunny Boy looked surprised. He glanced at

his mother and Aunt Bessie and Harriet. They were on the back seat while he rode with his daddy in front. But they were talking about something else and were not listening.

"Why, Daddy, didn't you know?" asked Sunny Boy. "We haven't any lunch! Harriet didn't fix us any!"

Daddy Horton gave a dreadful groan.

"No lunch?" he repeated. "Not even a sandwich, Sunny Boy?"

"Not a single thing to eat," Sunny Boy insisted. "Harriet took everything that was left to the lady down the street—Mrs. Tichenor. She says food mustn't be wasted."

"But how can I drive all the way to Nestle Cove and have nothing to eat?" his daddy demanded.

Sunny Boy was rather worried, but he tried to think of a plan. He was getting hungry himself, though he had had breakfast only an hour ago. He knew he would be very hungry indeed before they reached the seashore.

"Couldn't we buy some lunch, Daddy?" he suggested. "I have two nickels and a dime—all new money—Aunt Bessie gave me."

Mr. Horton drove the car to one side, to avoid a big truck that took up half the road.

"We could get some onion sandwiches and an ice cream cone, perhaps," he said gravely.

But Mrs. Horton heard that.

"Harry!" she cried. "What are you talking about? Who said anything about onion sandwiches?"

"Sunny Boy and I are planning the lunch," Mr. Horton explained. "We thought onion sandwiches would be nice. Harriet didn't put us up anything to eat—not even stove polish, Mother."

They all laughed at the mention of the stove polish, but Mrs. Horton said that she thought onion sandwiches were almost as bad.

"We're going to stop at a little inn and have a chicken dinner, Sunny Boy," declared Aunt Bessie. "I'll tell you the name of it and then

you can be watching for it. Watch for a square piece of wood, painted in plaid colors—red and blue and green, I think it is. The name will be in black letters. It's called 'The Gingham Shoppe' and if you can't read the printing, at least you can tell the sign."

So Sunny Boy promised to watch for the Gingham Shoppe. He thought it was rather a silly name. So did Daddy Horton, Sunny Boy discovered, because they exchanged views in whispers lest Aunt Bessie overhear them.

"Do you suppose the chickens will wear gingham feathers?" Daddy Horton asked Sunny Boy, who was quite shocked at the idea.

"I have a gingham handkerchief, though," said Sunny Boy soberly.

He took it out of his pocket and spread it on his lap. It was blue, with white and black threads running through it, to make a plaid.

"You ought to tie it around your arm," suggested Mr. Horton. "It will be like a badge. Perhaps you'll be the only one who can get in

the Gingham Shoppe. The rest of us may have to sit out in the car while you eat up the chicken dinner."

Sunny Boy tied his handkerchief around his arm and decided that it did look like a badge. He said it would be exactly like a "whooping cough" badge, if it had been yellow instead of plaid.

"But I'm not going in unless you can, Daddy," he assured his father. "I wouldn't like to be there all by myself."

Aunt Bessie had been to the Gingham Shoppe before and she knew when they were coming near it. She told Sunny Boy to watch for two trees growing close together.

"They're on the right hand side of the road," said Aunt Bessie. "Opposite them you'll see the sign of the Gingham Shoppe."

In a few minutes Sunny Boy saw the two trees. There were no others very near and he knew they must be the right ones.

"I see the place!" cried Sunny Boy, bouncing

about in the seat excitedly. "Look, Aunt Bessie! There's a chicken! This must be the place you said."

Aunt Bessie laughed and Mr. Horton declared that he hoped he wouldn't be expected to eat that chicken—it was pretty thin and not very large—and Mrs. Horton said she did hope they would all behave at the table. They drove in and stopped the car in an open square where there were three or four other automobiles parked.

"What is that on your arm, Sunny Boy?" asked Aunt Bessie, as they were going up the steps of the porch. The Gingham Shoppe had a front porch just like a house.

"That's my badge," Sunny Boy answered.

Mrs. Horton looked puzzled and so did Aunt Bessie.

"But what kind of badge?" Sunny Boy's aunt persisted. "Why do you need a badge, dear?"

"It's gingham," explained Sunny Boy.

"And this is the Gingham Shoppe. Daddy said perhaps they wouldn't let every one in."

"Daddy is teasing you, precious," Mrs. Horton declared. "I wouldn't wear my handkerchief like that—let Mother take it off."

She untied it and Sunny Boy stuffed it back in his pocket and they went into the shop and no one said a word about badges. They had a chicken dinner at a little round table, and the tablecloth and the napkins and the curtains at the windows were all made of gingham. Mrs. Horton and Aunt Bessie liked them very much indeed and said they were pretty.

"Sunny Boy and I would rather have more to eat and less frills," declared Mr. Horton. "Do you suppose we could have a second helping of ice cream, Mother?"

Mrs. Horton said yes, she thought they could, because they were traveling, so Mr. Horton asked the waitress to bring them two more plates of pink ice cream.

"We'll go over and look at the cards while you are eating that," said Aunt Bessie.

"Here comes a little girl," said Sunny Boy suddenly.

The little girl burst into the room so noisily that she attracted every one's attention. She carried a large teddy bear under one arm and a kiddie car under the other. And she marched straight across the room to Sunny Boy and thrust the teddy bear into his arms.

"You hold it for me," she commanded.

Then she put the kiddie car in the chair next to Sunny Boy and sat down in the next one herself.

"Where's your mother?" asked Sunny Boy sternly before his father could say a word.

"Out in the car—she's coming in a minute," the little girl answered. "My name's Nina Ames. What's yours?"

"I'm Arthur Bradford Horton," Sunny Boy informed her with dignity, "and I can't hold

your teddy bear because we're going in a minute."

To Sunny Boy's horror, the little girl opened her mouth wide and began to scream. As she screamed she kicked the table and the dishes and silver rattled and banged about.

"Make her stop, Daddy," begged Sunny Boy. "What's the matter with her?"

Mrs. Horton and Aunt Bessie came hurrying up and looked almost as worried as Sunny Boy.

"What's the matter, little girl?" asked Mrs. Horton anxiously.

"He won't hold my teddy bear!" the little girl screamed. "He said he's going and he won't hold my teddy bear!"

This was dreadful, for all the people in the room began to stare at Sunny Boy.

"We have to go," said Mr. Horton pleasantly, pulling back Sunny Boy's chair for him, for the teddy bear occupied both his hands. "But I'll tell you what to do, Nina: You come out with

us and find your mother. Then you won't be lonely."

The little girl took one of the gingham napkins and tied it around the teddy bear's neck.

"Well, all right," she agreed. "But he has to carry Teddy for me."

Sunny Boy didn't want to carry a teddy bear with a napkin around it's neck, at all, but he was afraid Nina would begin to scream again, and that would be worse.

"We'll put her in her own automobile," whispered Mr. Horton, as he followed them with the kiddie car.

There was a dark green car next to the Horton car. In it sat a lady with a baby in her arms. A man was doing something to the engine.

Mrs. Horton and Aunt Bessie climbed into their own car and waited for Nina to go to her mother. But she didn't. She followed Sunny Boy's Aunt Bessie and sat down with her on the back seat.

"Come to Mother, Nina," her mother called,

and Sunny Boy tumbled the teddy bear into the green car while his daddy put down the kiddie car close beside it.

"I'm going with the little boy," said Nina calmly.

Mr. Horton laughed, but Sunny Boy scowled. Ruth Baker had never acted like this! In fact, he had never known a little girl who acted as this one did.

"You don't want to leave your mother and your daddy, do you?" asked Mrs. Horton. "My little boy wouldn't leave his mother."

"I can come back," Nina said.

Nina's father looked up. His hands were covered with grease and oil from the engine.

"I wish you'd lift her out and put her there on the seat with her mother," he said wearily. "I can't touch her clothes with my hands as dirty as this."

Mr. Horton told Sunny Boy to climb into the car. Then he leaned over and picked up Nina, who immediately began to scream. She

shrieked and she kicked, but he held her firmly and put her down beside her mother in the green car. Then he ran back to his own car and started the engine. They shot out of the square so fast that Mrs. Horton gasped, but fast as they went, they could still hear Nina screaming.

"Gee!" sighed Sunny Boy, reaching for his handkerchief, for his face was hot.

Then he stared at something he held in his hand.

"That isn't mine!" he cried in dismay.

CHAPTER IV

GETTING SETTLED

SUNNY BOY held up a pink and white checked square. It was one of the napkins from the Gingham Shoppe.

"I didn't take it," said poor Sunny Boy. "That little girl must have put it in my pocket."

"We'll have to go back," Aunt Bessie declared briskly. "We cannot be running off with linen from a tea room."

"Oh, Daddy, don't go back!" cried Sunny Boy in great alarm. "She'll still be there, and cry some more!"

Mr. Horton kept his eyes on the road ahead and he made no motion to turn the car.

"Do you know, Sunny Boy, something tells me you are right!" he said solemnly. "Nina will still be there and she will scream again—of that I

am as certain as you are. Mother, can't you suggest something?"

Mrs. Horton leaned over and patted Sunny Boy's shoulder.

"Don't worry, precious," she told him. "We'll launder that little gingham napkin as soon as we get to the seashore and mail it back to the shop. I'll write a note and explain that it was carried off by mistake and they will be sure to understand."

"Give it to me and I will put it in my purse," Aunt Bessie promised. "I can see that that is the better plan—and I'm no more anxious to meet Nina Ames again than you are."

All the rest of the way to Nestle Cove Sunny Boy thought about the little girl. He was mighty glad she didn't live next door to him in Centronia. He now and then lost patience with Ruth Baker, because she always wanted to play the same games the boys did and she never could understand why they sometimes liked to play without a girl around. But never, said Sunny

Boy to himself, did Ruth Baker act like this Nina girl had acted to-day.

"And then she stuffed a napkin in my pocket!" thought Sunny Boy resentfully. "I hope her mother doesn't let her go out of the yard for a week!"

That was what happened to Ruth Baker when she was naughty. She had to stay in her own yard sometimes for an afternoon, sometimes for a day and once, when she had disobeyed and run away, for a whole week!

Sunny Boy remembered the house at the seashore where he and Mother and Aunt Bessie and a friend of hers had spent several very happy weeks. It was a small bungalow and it was at the far end of the Cove. Aunt Bessie was going to spend another summer there, and her friend, Miss Martinson, would come to stay with her after Sunny Boy and his daddy and his mother had started on their Porto Rican trip.

As soon as they reached the bungalow—almost

supper time it was—Sunny Boy was out of the car and dancing up the walk.

"Do you suppose the ice man came, Harriet?" he asked eagerly. "Can we fall out of the windows and go swimming in the morning, Daddy?"

"What a good memory you have, Sunny Boy," said Harriet, getting out of the car more slowly. "We saw the ice man going in, didn't we, that first time we came? And your daddy told you a bungalow was nice, because it was easy to fall out of the windows and go swimming."

"But we never did fall out of the windows," Sunny Boy murmured regretfully. "We always went out of the door."

"How would you like to fall *in* a window for a change?" Mr. Horton suggested.

He had been peering in at the keyhole and now he straightened up and smiled at the puzzled Sunny Boy.

"The agent was to be here with the key; but I see it inside, already in the lock," explained Mr. Horton. "So it will save us a trip around to

Main Street if Sunny Boy falls in the window for us."

"But what window?" asked Mrs. Horton. "Aren't they locked?"

"I'd like to fall in a window," Sunny Boy declared eagerly.

"Then we'll leave the women-folk here and you and I will go and find a window for you to fall in," said Mr. Horton, taking Sunny Boy's hand. "There is always one window open somewhere when the key is left in the lock of the front door."

Harriet said the door must be unlocked, but, though she tried it, she could not open it.

"How did the man get out then?" she demanded.

"That's a riddle," called back Mr. Horton as he and Sunny Boy ran around to the back of the house.

"Look, there's a window up a little way, Daddy!" cried Sunny Boy, pointing to a window that was perhaps six or seven feet from the ground. "That's the dining-room window," he

added, for he remembered the different rooms in the bungalow.

"All right, we'll try that," Mr. Horton said. "I'll lift you up and you push the window as high as it will go. Then hop in and run through and open the front door for Mother."

He swung Sunny Boy up on his shoulder, and he was just a little higher than the window sill. Sunny Boy took hold of the window and pushed. It went up very easily. He thought this was a great deal more fun than just unlocking a door.

"Now I'm going to fall in, Daddy!" he cried, and he scrambled over the sill and ran through the house to the hall.

There was the key in the front door and he turned it quickly and opened the door.

"Thank you, Sunny Boy!" said his mother, kissing him. "Did you fall in and was it fun?"

Sunny Boy nodded absently. He was trying to puzzle out how the agent could have locked the door on the inside and left the house. Unless

he went out of the window, and surely that would be a queer thing to do.

The express wagon came with the trunks before Harriet could get supper and Sunny Boy and his Daddy had to rush uptown and buy a loaf of bread and some cake for supper. Aunt Bessie had written a letter to the agent telling him what she wanted to have ready in the ice box and the pantry, but he had forgotten the bread. He was rather an absent-minded man, anyway.

Altogether there was so much to do that it was not until he was eating his supper that Sunny Boy had a chance to ask his daddy about the "riddle."

"How could the agent get out of the house if he didn't go out of the window?" Sunny Boy questioned.

"I don't see, either," confessed Aunt Bessie.

Mrs. Horton looked at Harriet, who was pouring out more water, and they both smiled. They knew.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Horton. "Like most

riddle answers, it is very simple when you hear it. The kitchen door closes with a spring lock. Slam it and you can not open it except from the inside. The agent locked the front door and left the key in the lock. Then he went out by way of the kitchen and slammed that door, and the house was completely fastened up."

Sunny Boy went out in the kitchen after supper and looked at the spring lock. Then he said he thought it lucky one of the windows had been left unfastened, and Harriet said she thought so, too.

"I wonder if I'll see Ellen and Ralph again?" said Sunny Boy, sitting down on the kitchen floor to unlace his shoes, for he was really getting ready for bed.

Ellen and Ralph were a little brother and sister he had played with when he had been at the seashore before.

"I don't suppose any people are here who were here then," Harriet answered. "But there are plenty of children—I heard them playing games

down the block when I went out to leave the note for the milkman."

Sunny Boy felt like going out that minute to see if there were any children in the street. But Harriet said that as long as he had untied his shoes, she didn't think it was worth while to go to the trouble of lacing them up again. So Sunny Boy, who was really very sensible, decided to wait till morning and went to bed.

He was awake bright and early the next morning and eager to go out and look at the ocean. No one else was up when he and his daddy stepped out on the porch, but before they had walked six steps toward the ocean they heard Harriet calling.

"Milk!" called Harriet. "Will you stop a milkman, if you see one? I put out a note, but likely as not they'll all drive past without stopping. You can't depend on them at all."

"I'll stop one, Harriet!" shouted Sunny Boy. Harriet nodded and went back in the house and

Sunny Boy and his daddy went on down to the ocean.

It was just as big and as blue and as sparkling as Sunny Boy remembered it and he thought what fun it would be to sail across it, toward the sun.

"Sunny Boy, I want to go uptown and get a paper," said Mr. Horton when they had each tossed a dozen pebbles into the ocean and decided that they'd better stop for fear of hitting a mermaid. "Would you rather stay here and play or go with me?"

Nestle Cove was the kind of beach where children could play without any older people to watch them. It was a sloping beach and the water was not deep until one had waded far out. Even very little folks could be seen playing in the sand with their buckets and shovels all day long and no one worried about them.

"I have to watch for a milkman," Sunny Boy reminded his daddy. "So I'll stay here."

"All right, I'll come back and get you. Break-

fast will be ready by that time," answered Mr. Horton.

The main street ran along the beach, and Sunny Boy, if he turned his back to the ocean, could see everything that passed along there. He sat down cross-legged on the sand to wait for a milkman.

"Hello!" said a voice, a bit shyly.

Sunny Boy glanced up. Another boy, about his own age, stood looking down at him. He was barefooted and carried his shoes and stockings in one hand.

"Hello!" said Sunny Boy. "Are you going wading?"

"Been wading," the boy replied. "Got to go home to breakfast. Did you just come to the Cove?"

Sunny Boy explained that he had arrived the day before. His new friend said that his name was Frank Witt and that he was spending the summer at one of the cottages with his father and mother and an older brother

"To-day's my birthday," he added.

Sunny Boy thought this sounded exciting. Most anything nice could happen to a boy on his birthday.

"What are you sitting here for?" Frank asked with some curiosity when he had heard Sunny Boy's name and learned where his bungalow was. "Don't you have to go home to breakfast?"

"I'm waiting for a milkman for Harriet," replied Sunny Boy. "We haven't any milk for breakfast."

"That's a milk wagon now," Frank said, pointing to a white wagon that was slowly moving along the road. "You can tell that man. Come out this morning and we'll have some fun."

Sunny Boy was already running up the beach, but he turned and nodded. He liked Frank, and it would be nice to have some one to play with after breakfast.

He caught up with the milk wagon, but though he called after it the horse continued to pace

along slowly. Sunny Boy went close to the wheels and peered into the wagon. There was no driver there.

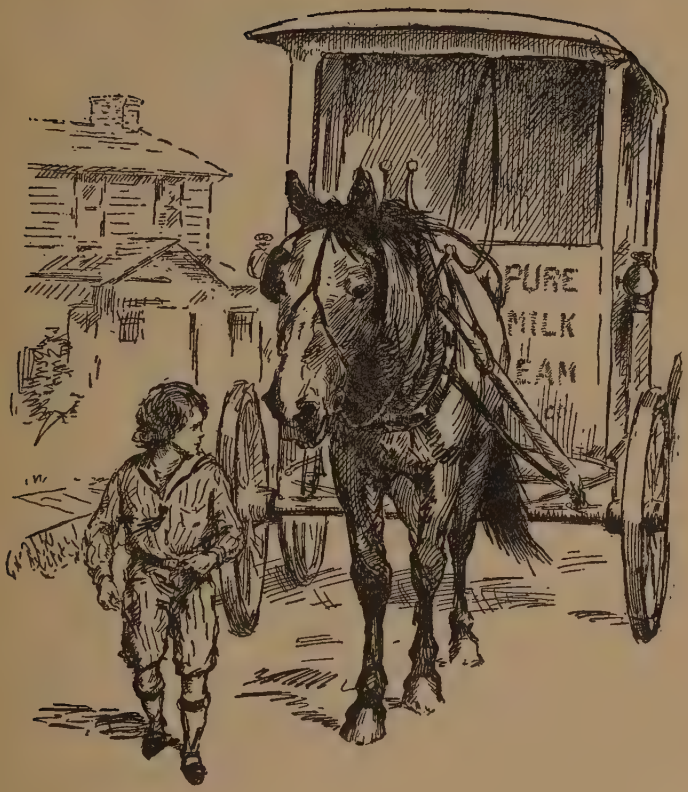
"Why, horse!" Sunny Boy was so surprised he spoke to the big bay horse as though he could understand boy-talk. "Where's the milkman?"

The horse shook his head and Sunny Boy thought he smiled, but he wasn't quite sure. He just went on walking, very slowly and very gravely.

"Maybe the milkman is ahead of you," said Sunny Boy hopefully.

He walked along beside the horse, but though he looked up and down the street, not a sign of a milkman did he see. And when the horse reached the corner of the street, what did he do but turn around! He took a great deal of space, but he made the turn safely and just as well as though some one had been holding the reins. Then he started to walk back, slowly and gravely.

Sunny Boy turned, too. He meant to follow that horse wherever he went. But as they



"Why, horse, where's the milkman?" asked Sunny Boy.

started back a man came dashing out from behind a house. He wore no coat and in one hand he carried a wire basket with bottles of milk in it.

"There's the milkman!" Sunny Boy cried aloud.

It was the milkman, and Sunny Boy told him where he lived and he said he'd be around directly with some milk for Harriet.

"Does your horse always drive himself?" asked Sunny Boy eagerly.

The horse stopped in the middle of the road and was waiting, holding his head down as if he were sleepy.

"Oh, yes," said the milkman. "He's really the boss and I am just his helper."

And then Sunny Boy saw his daddy waving to him from the beach and he ran back. He thought there was a little white package in his daddy's hand, but he couldn't be sure.

CHAPTER V

SUNNY BOY'S NEW FRIEND

"HELLO!" said Daddy Horton. "Did you find a milkman?" he asked.

Sunny Boy said yes, and that the milkman was going to take some milk to Harriet as soon as he had been to three more houses.

"And I know a boy! His name is Frank Witt," Sunny Boy went on. "To-day is his birthday."

He tried not to stare at the little white package—it was a package, he could see it plainly now—in his daddy's hand. Sunny Boy might be curious, but he was polite, too.

"Well, you have been busy," said Daddy Horton. "And so have I. The paper store was locked when I reached it—the man who runs it goes home to breakfast some one told me—so I

walked down to the station and got my paper. Then I stopped in a store and bought you something all sailors should have."

Sunny Boy's eyes began to dance. He dearly loved surprises.

"But I think," said Daddy Horton, putting the package in his pocket, "that it will keep. Let's have breakfast first."

He took hold of Sunny Boy's hand and made him run so fast over the sand and across the road that when they reached the bungalow they were both breathless.

"The seashore certainly agrees with you two," said Aunt Bessie, who was putting a vase of flowers on the breakfast table. "It's lucky Harriet decided to make hot cakes, because I am sure you are as hungry as bears."

Breakfast was all ready and Sunny Boy and his daddy were hungry after their run on the beach. Sunny Boy asked Harriet if the milkman had come. She said he had and had told her about the little boy who followed the horse.

"Daddy bought me something," said Sunny Boy as he buttered his third cake. "It's for sailors."

"Then," Mrs. Horton announced quickly, "I think it must be a compass."

Mr. Horton said no, it wasn't a compass.

"You see, Sunny Boy won't always be a sailor, and this is something he can use when he gets home from Porto Rico," he explained.

"I have a whistle," Sunny Boy murmured, thinking of his new sailor suit and the whistle on the white cord.

"This isn't a whistle," said Mr. Horton, smiling.

Sunny Boy couldn't guess and his mother couldn't guess and Aunt Bessie couldn't guess. And when Harriet brought in more hot cakes, she couldn't guess either.

"Unless it's a life preserver," she said hopefully.

That made them all laugh, because Sunny Boy had said the package was in his daddy's coat

pocket and they all knew a life preserver would take more space than that.

"Well, if you can't guess, Sunny Boy will have to show us," Mr. Horton declared, putting the square white parcel down beside Sunny Boy's plate.

Dear me, Sunny Boy was as excited as though he was having a birthday like his new friend, Frank Witt. He untied the cord and unfolded the tissue paper and lifted the lid of the box.

What do you suppose was in the box? Why, a watch—a "real live watch!" as Sunny Boy declared the moment he saw it.

Sunny Boy had never had a watch, and he was so proud of this one that Aunt Bessie said she knew he would wear out his pocket pulling it out and putting it back. But Sunny Boy was sure he wouldn't wear out his pocket; and of course he had to show people that he had a watch.

Daddy Horton showed him how to wind the watch and how to set it and as Sunny Boy could tell the time—if no one hurried him—he felt that

he was ready to go on a long voyage. Sailors, of course, must know the time and they must not let their watches run down. When you are on a ship you cannot run and look at the court-house clock or the church clock and tell what time it is. Of course not—you have to depend on your watch.

"I want to show it to Frank," said Sunny Boy, as soon as he had practiced taking his watch out of his pocket and putting it back.

"We're all coming down to go swimming at half past ten," Mrs. Horton said. "Suppose you run out on the beach and play with Frank till then, Sunny Boy. Stay near the beach in front of the house, so that we can find you easily."

Sunny Boy promised and dashed away to find Frank. There were more people on the beach now and dozens of children. In fact, there was a regular parade of children coming down all the streets that lead to the ocean. Sunny Boy saw them with their pails and shovels and boxes of sand toys.

A little distance up the beach he saw Frank and shouted to him. Frank was digging in the sand.

"I want to show you something," said Sunny Boy proudly when he came up to him. "Look! My daddy gave me a watch because we're going to Porto Rico and you want to know what time it is on the ocean."

"Gee, that's great!" Frank declared, admiring the watch as Sunny Boy held it out to him. "I haven't got a watch, but my mother gave me this ring for my birthday."

It was a gold seal ring and Frank's initials were engraved on it. Sunny Boy thought it was very handsome and said so.

"See if it fits you," said Frank, handing it to Sunny Boy.

The ring fitted the fourth finger of Sunny Boy's left hand perfectly. In fact, you might have thought it had been made to measure. He gave it back to Frank and slipped his watch in his pocket and then they went to work at the

castle Frank was building and were still digging when Sunny Boy's mother and his daddy and Aunt Bessie came down to go bathing.

Sunny Boy ran up to the house to get into his bathing suit and Frank dashed off for his. They liked each other so much that they didn't want to be separated even in the ocean.

"Take us out, Daddy?" coaxed Sunny Boy when he came dancing back in his bathing suit. "Take Frank and me out?"

Mr. Horton did take them out, past the breakers into deep water, and they had a fine time. Aunt Bessie said she was afraid the porpoises would take them for friends and lead them out to sea, but of course nothing like that happened.. They came safely back to shore and then Sunny Boy and Frank buried Mr. Horton in the sand and only dug him out again when Frank's mother came to tell him that lunch was ready.

"Will you be out this afternoon?" Frank asked, as he turned to go with his mother.

Sunny Boy looked at his mother.

"Why, dear, we're going for a drive," she said. "If you would rather play on the beach, there is no reason why you shouldn't."

"Frank and I are going to hunt crabs," Sunny Boy explained.

His mother said that perhaps he would enjoy that more than going driving, especially as she and Aunt Bessie wanted to stop in one of the shore towns and do some shopping.

"Harriet will be at home, so if you want anything you can run up to the house," said Mrs. Horton.

Sunny Boy had his lunch and was back on the beach by two o'clock. Frank was waiting for him. They were both barefooted and they started at once to walk along the shore, hunting the little red crabs that scuttled about in shallow pools left by the tide.

"Where'll we put them when we get them?" asked Frank, carving his initials on the hard wet sand with a clam shell.

"Oh, we can build a little hole," Sunny Boy said. "Make a well, I mean, in the sand. I'll show you when we get a crab."

But it wasn't a good day for crabs, and they searched for almost an hour without catching one. At last they gave up and went to drawing pictures in the sand. Sunny Boy drew a large watch and put in the numerals and the two hands.

"Wait till I see what time it is," he said, pulling out his watch. "It's half past two—no, it's quarter after three."

"Say, let's exchange for a while, will you, Sunny Boy?" Frank suggested. "I mean you take my ring and let me have your watch. Will you, Sunny Boy?"

"I don't care," said Sunny Boy, and he took Frank's ring and put it on his finger while Frank put the watch in his pocket.

"I wish I had a watch," Frank declared wistfully.

"Well, perhaps when you go on the ocean you'll have a watch," said Sunny Boy cheerfully.

Frank did not seem to hear him. He was listening to something else.

"Hear that noise?" he cried excitedly. "That's the fire alarm! There—they're going! Get your shoes on quick, Sunny Boy, and we'll go to the fire!"

Clang! a fire engine went past the beach and a crowd began to run after it. Clang! Clang! went more bells and whistles blew piercingly as Sunny Boy ran into the house and into his room for his shoes and stockings.

"It's a fire, Harriet!" he cried. "A big fire! Frank and I are going to it!"

"Don't get run over!" Harriet warned him. "I don't think a fire is a place for boys, anyway! You'd better stay here on the porch and let some one else tell you about it."

But Sunny Boy had on his stockings and shoes by this time and he couldn't think of staying on the porch! He jumped from the top step to the sidewalk and ran after the crowd, Frank joining him at the corner. It seemed as though

every one in Nestle Cove was going to the fire! Grown-ups and children alike were running down the street after the engines and the hook-and-ladder truck.

"It's the park!" Frank gasped. "See, they're turning in at the park! Gee, Sunny Boy, maybe the ferris wheel is on fire!"

There was an amusement park just outside of the Cove. It was a very popular place with excursionists, and automobile busses ran from the Cove to the park every half hour. Sunny Boy hoped the ferris wheel would not burn, because he liked to ride on it and he knew a great many other boys and girls did, too.

The fire apparatus stopped at the entrance to the park and the crowd stood on the other side of the road and watched as the firemen ran their hose in through the gates. There was a heavy cloud of smoke over the park, but Sunny Boy and Frank could not see any fire.

"I'd like to be a fireman, wouldn't you?" Frank asked.

"If I could drive the fire engine," said Sunny Boy. "I'd like to drive it fast and do the steering."

After all, it wasn't much of a fire. The ferris wheel didn't burn and though a girl standing next to Sunny Boy said she had heard that the scenic railway was "a mass of flames," Frank whispered that this wasn't so at all. They could see the framework of the railway towering above the park gates, and it wasn't on fire for a minute.

But the boys waited till the firemen came out and began to roll up their hose and uncouple it from the hydrants. As Sunny Boy said, it might be a worse fire if they waited. But apparently the firemen put it out very easily.

"It was just a hamburger stand burning," Sunny Boy heard a man say as he and Frank walked home. "The fat caught fire and some one turned in an alarm."

The boys found the walk home longer than they had expected. You may run quickly to a fire, but it is never so exciting going home. Mr.

and Mrs. Horton and Aunt Bessie were on the porch when Sunny Boy reached the bungalow. He and Frank told them about the fire, and then it was time for Frank to go home to his supper.

"Why, Sunny Boy," said Mrs. Horton at the table that night, "where did you get that ring? I never saw it before."

Sunny Boy stared at the ring. He had forgotten all about it.

"It's Frank's," he explained. "He gave it to me to wear and I loaned him my watch. But we meant to give them back right away."

"I suppose the fire made you forget," Mrs. Horton said. "But you can run over to Frank's the first thing in the morning."

"Yes, I think you've done enough for one day," declared Mr. Horton. "We'll fall into bed early to-night, shan't we, Sunny Boy?"

Sunny Boy laughed, but it was a sleepy laugh. He could hardly keep his eyes open. The wind and the salt air make you sleepy, you know.

and besides Sunny Boy had had an exciting day.

As soon as he was dressed in the morning he started for Frank's house. He knew where it was—on the next street, not far from the corner. There was a woman sweeping the porch and Sunny Boy asked her politely if Frank was up.

"You mean Frank Witt?" she said. "He isn't here. He's gone home. I don't believe his folks will be back any more this summer."

CHAPTER VI

THE LOST WATCH

SUNNY BOY stood at the foot of the steps and stared at the woman.

"Maybe this isn't the right house," he faltered. "The Frank I mean is a boy. He's about my size. He can't have gone away, because I was playing with him yesterday. We went to the fire at the park."

The woman leaned her broom against the railing and took off her dust cap to fan her face with it.

"I'll tell you how it happened," she said kindly. "It was very sudden. Mrs. Witt had a telephone message from her sister that an old aunt of theirs is very ill. They didn't hear till nearly eleven o'clock last night and then they just packed up everything and took a midnight

train for home. I'm closing the house for them. Of course everything is at sixes and sevens."

Sunny Boy looked so worried that the woman wondered what could be the matter with him.

"Did you want to see Frank about anything special?" she asked.

"It was kind of special," Sunny Boy admitted.

But he didn't tell her why he wanted to see Frank. He thought she might think Frank had taken his watch, and of course Sunny Boy knew he had not meant to do that. He had forgotten it, just as Sunny Boy had forgotten about the ring.

"Frank's gone!" cried Sunny Boy, meeting Harriet as she took in the milk bottles from the kitchen porch.

"Gone where?" Harriet asked, as surprised as Sunny Boy had been.

He told her what had happened and that Frank had his watch and he, Sunny Boy, had Frank's ring.

Harriet did not seem to be worried.

"I don't suppose you asked that woman where they lived?" she suggested. "No, of course, you wouldn't be apt to think of that. But your father will ask her and then you'll have Frank's home address and all you will have to do will be to write to him and ask him to send the watch back to you."

"Oh, yes! And I can send him back his ring," said Sunny Boy. "That will be all right, won't it?"

When Mr. Horton heard that Frank had gone away he said he would go back with Sunny Boy and get the address as soon as they had had breakfast. He thought as Harriet did—that it would be very easy to write to Frank and ask him to return the watch and at the same time send him his own ring which Sunny Boy was wearing.

But, goodness, it wasn't easy at all! When they went back to Frank's house and asked the woman—who had finished sweeping the porch

but who was sweeping the inside of the house instead and came to the door with her broom in her hand—where Frank's father and mother lived when they were at home, she said she didn't know.

"I never heard," she replied. "And they left in such a hurry they didn't leave an address. This is the first summer they've been here, and no one knows them very well."

So how could Sunny Boy's mother write a letter for him when he didn't know where to ask her to send it?

"Perhaps Frank's mother will write to us, dear," said Mrs. Horton, trying to comfort Sunny Boy, who felt very sorry to lose his watch. He said he felt "lonely" without it.

But Frank's mother didn't write. No word came about the watch, though Sunny Boy went to the post-office every day to ask if there was any mail. He still wore Frank's ring and he often wondered if Frank used his watch and

whether he would know how to care for it and wind it at the right time.

Sunny Boy made other friends during the week he stayed at Nestle Cove and he went swimming every day and became as brown as a berry. He carried the package to the post-office that had the gingham napkin in it. Harriet had washed and ironed it and Mrs. Horton wrote a note to explain what had happened to it and Aunt Bessie wrapped it up and tied it neatly. Sunny Boy felt much relieved when he knew the Gingham Shoppe would not have to worry about that napkin any more.

The days sped by so quickly that Sunny Boy was surprised when it was time to pack again and make ready for the trip to Boston.

"Now I can wear my sailor suit, can't I?" asked Sunny Boy.

He had asked this question nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day, and always Mrs. Horton or Aunt Bessie or Harriet had said:

"Wait till you are going on the boat. That

is the time to wear a sailor suit—when you are going on the boat."

Aunt Bessie had planned to stay at the bungalow the rest of the summer. But now it was decided that she would go with Miss Martinson on a camping trip and the bungalow would be closed. Perhaps, Sunny Boy's mother said, the Hortons might come back after their trip and stay a few weeks again. Sunny Boy hoped they would. He liked Nestle Cove.

Sunny Boy wore his new suit, his sailor suit with the white braid and the whistle on a white cord, on the train which took them to Boston. His daddy left the automobile in a garage at the Cove, and only Sunny Boy and his mother and daddy went to Boston. Aunt Bessie and Miss Martinson had left the day before and Harriet was going to visit her sister who lived in Centronia.

"It would be nice if I only had my watch," Sunny Boy murmured wistfully, when Albert

Carey, one of the boys who lived in the Cove, admired his sailor suit.

"Well, maybe Frank will send it back to you some day," said Albert. "I guess he will send it back when he thinks of it."

Sunny Boy had traveled a good deal on trains. He had been to the far West, you remember. But he did not know much about steamers. He had seen ferryboats when he visited New York, but he knew that a ferryboat could never take them to Porto Rico. Ferryboats go slowly.

"Why, you must be a salt water fellow," said the conductor in the train, as he punched the tickets Mr. Horton held out to him and Sunny Boy, in his sailor suit, watched the shining punch clip holes in the piece of cardboard.

"I'm going to Porto Rico—on the boat," Sunny Boy explained.

"Now that is what I have always wanted to do!" the conductor declared. "I don't see why

I couldn't have a new sailor suit and be going to Porto Rico."

"But it's fun to wear a conductor's suit and punch tickets," Sunny Boy answered. "I wouldn't mind being a conductor."

"Well, perhaps I do have a good time," admitted the conductor. "I won't complain. If I went to Porto Rico I might not like it after I got there."

Boston was reached at noon, and then, as Mr. Horton had some business to look after, Sunny Boy and his mother went sightseeing and had lunch by themselves. The steamer trunk and the bags had been sent on ahead, so there was nothing to worry about.

"It's nice not to have anything to worry about, isn't it?" said Sunny Boy so seriously that his mother laughed.

"Harriet says that," Mrs. Horton declared. "Of course we haven't anything to worry about, Sunny Boy. We are going on a trip

with Daddy and are going to have the nicest kind of a time."

There was one thing Sunny Boy wanted to buy very much, and he and Mother spent a good deal of their time looking for it. Sunny Boy thought he should have a boat—he rather planned to tie a string to it and let it ride through the water after the steamer—and he didn't want just an ordinary boat. No indeed, what he had in mind was a "real" boat with a deck and perhaps a little engine. But the boats with engines were too large and expensive and, anyway, if he meant to tie a string to it he did not really need a power boat. After examining two dozen boats, Sunny Boy wisely decided to take a three-masted sailboat. His mother said he could sail it at the seashore when they reached Porto Rco.

"Is there a seashore there, too?" asked Sunny Boy, surprised.

"Oh, my, yes, a beautiful seashore!" Mrs. Horton explained. "You will like it, Sunny

Boy, for the ocean is so blue and the sand is so white; whiter than our seashore sand, I think."

Sunny Boy carried his sailboat under his arm and he looked more like a sailor than ever. The traffic policeman at the corner said, "Hello, Skipper," when he saw him.

"I'm afraid it is going to rain," said Mrs. Horton anxiously, looking up at the cloudy sky.

Just as she said that something warm and wet struck Sunny Boy squarely on his little brown nose.

"It's raining now, Mother!" he cried. "It's raining now! The pavement is all spotted."

It was, and more and more spots fell rapidly till the pavement was slippery, and red and blue and green and black umbrellas began to bob up and down among the crowd.

"You have on your new suit and I have on my new hat, so the most sensible thing to do is to take a taxi," said Mrs. Horton. "We'll drive down to the docks and wait for Daddy. He

won't be there for half an hour, but we'll find a place to wait."

She put up her hand and hailed a taxicab and told the driver where to take them. The rain was coming down faster than ever and Sunny Boy was very glad they were sheltered from it. He did not wish to let the sails of his new boat get soaked through.

It was easy to know when they were coming to the shipping docks. They could see masts and funnels sticking up while they were still some distance away. They could see trucks piled high with baggage, trunks and boxes and bags, many with bright colored labels pasted on them. Sunny Boy wondered whether their trunks and bags were on any of these trucks, but Mrs. Horton said she thought their baggage was safely on board the steamer.

"What pier, ma'am?" asked the taxi driver, turning in his seat to ask the question.

"I think there is a number, but I'm not sure,"

Mrs. Horton answered. "The steamer is the *Santa Maria.* She sails to Porto Rico."

"Oh, I can find her easily enough," said the driver cheerfully, and he drove ahead through the rain, in and out between the lines of trucks, and turned down a rather gloomy street that led straight to the docks and wharves.

"Here you are, ma'am," he announced triumphantly.

"There's Daddy!" cried Sunny Boy, as they stepped out of the car.

"I thought I'd have to wait for you, and here you are ahead of time," Mr. Horton said. "I finished my business an hour sooner than I thought I could. Have you had your lunch?"

When Mrs. Horton said yes and Sunny Boy proudly displayed his boat, Mr. Horton declared that there was no reason why they should not go on board the steamer at once.

Sunny Boy stared as they went up the gangplank that led to the deck of the *Santa Maria.* He was sure it was the largest boat he had ever

seen and wondered how he could ever hope to get a string long enough to let his sailboat down into the ocean when the deck was so high above the water that it made him almost dizzy to look over the railing.

Sunny Boy did not really know how he expected a ship to look, but he had certainly never thought it would be like this.

"It's just like a house, Mother," he kept saying. "It's just like a house inside."

And so it was. There were electric lights and carpets, and in the room in which Sunny Boy and his daddy and mother were to sleep there were beds and wicker chairs with pretty cushions in them, just as he had seen in the bedrooms at home.

"How do you think you'll like our cabin, Sunny Boy?" asked Mr. Horton, opening the bags for his wife so that she could take out the combs and brushes and other articles they would need.

"Where's the cabin, Daddy?" Sunny Boy

questioned, eager to see all of this wonderful ship.

"You're in it now," chuckled Mr. Horton. "Rooms are cabins on board a ship, Sunny Boy. Mind you don't forget! A boy who wears a sailor suit ought to know the nautical names for everything."

Then Sunny Boy wanted to know what "nautical" meant and his daddy had to tell him that it was a word which was used in connection with ships and sailors.

Sunny Boy put his sailboat carefully on a shelf and then he and his daddy started off to inspect the steamer. Mrs. Horton said she would do a little unpacking and rest a bit before dinner.

"Let's go up on deck, Daddy," Sunny Boy urged. "I like to see the people coming."

Just as he said that something shot between his legs and a man came running down the stairs at top speed.

"Did you see him?" shouted the man. "Which way did he go?"

CHAPTER VII

THE LOST DOG

SUNNY BOY had seen nothing at all and neither had his daddy, but Sunny Boy was sure something had passed between his legs and when he bent down to feel of his stockings, they were damp where something wet had pressed against them.

"Which way did he go?" the man kept asking. "Didn't you see him? Why didn't you stop him?"

"We didn't see a thing," said Sunny Boy's daddy. "What are you looking for?"

"A dog—a white poodle," the man explained. "I had him on a leash and he got away. And we're not sailing, we just came to see some friends off. I might have known that animal would do a crazy thing like that!"

He looked so disgusted and he didn't seem to know what to do next.

"Come on, let's find the dog, Daddy," said Sunny Boy. "I didn't see him," he explained to the man, "but I felt him. He was wet, wasn't he?"

"He was soaking wet, from being out in the rain," the man said. "I had to bring him to please my wife. Do you suppose you can help me find him? I'll tip the stewards to hunt for him, but they're all pretty busy getting people settled in their staterooms."

"All right, we'll help," Mr. Horton decided. "The only thing to do is to search the decks and halls and any staterooms that are open. If we find the dog, we'll take him up on the main deck and wait for you there."

Mr. Horton laughed a little as he and Sunny Boy started in to hunt for the lost dog. Mr. Horton said that he had never cared much for white poodles and he thought it was mean he had to look all over a strange ship for one. But

Sunny Boy took it very seriously. He was sorry for the lost dog and he wondered what would happen if it wasn't found in time and the steamer carried it away to Porto Rico.

Sunny Boy and his daddy looked carefully up and down the halls and peered behind the tables and the sofas. Once an officer hurrying by stopped and asked them what they were looking for. Two stewards came and asked if they needed any help, and two lady passengers offered to join in the search as soon as their trunks were opened.

"They all laugh," said Sunny Boy a little resentfully. "I don't think it's funny. I guess that little dog is sorry he is lost."

Mr. Horton said yes, he thought likely the dog was sorry, but for the life of him he didn't see where it could have gone.

"We've been everywhere but down in the engine room and the coal bunkers," he declared. "And the poodle couldn't have gone below so many decks in that short time. No one has

seen him. I call that queer, don't you, Sunny Boy?"

Sunny Boy, too, thought it was queer.

"He must have gone down the hall back of us," he argued. "We were about to go upstairs, Daddy, when that man came down, shouting. Let's go back and look in that hall again."

Mr. Horton insisted that they had searched the corridor carefully, but he went back with Sunny Boy.

"That door's shut now and it wasn't when we passed it," said Sunny Boy suddenly, pointing to a cabin.

"Well, probably the people who have taken it are in there now," Mr. Horton answered absently.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Sunny Boy, speaking as he always did when he was about to say something important to the other boys. "I think, Daddy, that dog ran in there when the door was open and now he can't get out."

"Nonsense, Son. Don't you suppose the pas-

sengers would put him out the moment they laid eyes on him?" Mr. Horton returned. "No one would have a strange dog in his cabin for a moment."

Sunny Boy looked unconvinced.

"Maybe there isn't any one in there," he protested. "Maybe the wind blew the door shut, Daddy."

Mr. Horton smiled a little.

"You hate to give up an idea, don't you?" he said. "Well, Sunny Boy, I'll go and speak to the steward, just to set your mind at rest. You wait here for me. What's the number of that room—thirty-four? All right, stand right there till I come back."

Mr. Horton was gone several minutes and when he came back, he was hurrying.

"I found the steward, Sunny Boy," he reported. "He tells me the room is vacant. He's too busy to come just now, but he said we might open the door and look around for ourselves. There is no one there."

Mr. Horton turned the knob and the door opened easily. Sunny Boy, right at his elbow, stared in eagerly.

"Daddy, look!" he shrieked. "See? That's a poodle dog, isn't it?"

There, in the middle of the nice, clean lower berth, lay a very wet and very small and very miserable and dirty white dog. His red-rimmed eyes looked sadly at Sunny Boy and he wagged his tail feebly.

"Oh, oh!" Sunny Boy cried in dismay. "Look what you've done to that clean bed! Oh, my, what made you get up on there?"

There were the prints of little muddy feet all over the white counterpane, and the pillow, too, was streaked and muddy as though the poodle had tried to dry his hair on it.

"Let me lift him down," said Mr. Horton, holding back Sunny Boy. "He doesn't know us and perhaps he may not like strangers. There! Now you take the strap and hold fast. I should

say we had found him just in time, for it is almost five o'clock, and we'll soon sail."

The poodle dog followed Sunny Boy willingly enough. Perhaps he knew he was being taken to his mistress. In a few minutes they were out on the main deck.

Though it was still raining, a great many people were standing there and they were all shaking hands and saying good-by to each other and giving each other bouquets of lovely flowers.

"Good lands, did you find him?" said the dog's owner, rushing up to Sunny Boy as soon as he reached the deck. "Martha, my dear, they've found Toodles for you. I can't present you to Mrs. Glover, for I don't know your name," he said to Mr. Horton.

Mr. Horton told him, and then, when they were all nicely introduced, Sunny Boy told how he had found Toodles, the poodle. Mrs. Glover had picked him up, wet and dirty as he was, and stood holding him against her black satin coat.

The dog wagged his tail feebly.

"I wish I could do something for you," said Mr. Glover. "Isn't there—couldn't I—you've been so kind—"

Sunny Boy's daddy spoke quickly.

"Sunny Boy doesn't need any thanks. He had fun hunting for the dog," he said. "But that berth is rather mussed up—I suspect the steward would feel better if you tipped him."

"Of course! Of course, I ought to do that," Mr. Glover agreed. "Will you see that he gets it? I haven't time to go down and hunt him up," and Sunny Boy saw him give his daddy a green bill.

"But Sunny Boy here—I can't let him go without something to remember me by," insisted Mr. Glover. "Let's see! He's a regular sailor, isn't he? I have it! I don't believe he has a pocketknife, and the last thing a sailor should be without is a good knife."

"Why do sailors need knives?" Sunny Boy asked shyly.

Mr. Glover took something out of his pocket.

"Oh, they have to splice rope and mend sails and whittle oars when they drop them overboard," he explained. "Now you take this knife—I won't need it, because I'm not going to sea—and remember it is from me, and from Toodles and Mrs. Glover, too. We all wish you a happy voyage."

A huge blast of the whistle directly over their heads made them all jump. Mr. Glover put something into Sunny Boy's hand and closed his fingers tightly over it. Then he shook hands hurriedly with Mr. Horton and, seizing his wife's arm, hurried her away.

A man went in and out among the crowds asking who was going ashore. Sunny Boy heard him, and he was glad he was going to stay on the ship.

"That was the last warning," said Mr. Hor ton. "In a few minutes we'll be slipping out. Then our voyage really starts, Sunny Boy."

They stood back out of the rain, and presently Sunny Boy felt the ship give a shudder.

That was caused by her engines, and she began to back out slowly. Sunny Boy stared in fascination as the long pier slipped past. When they were well out and there was plenty of space the great ship swung slowly around.

There was a crowd of people standing on the pier and they waved their handkerchiefs and scarfs and even their umbrellas to the people standing on the deck of the *Santa Maria.* Sunny Boy and Mr. Horton waved their handkerchiefs too, though they knew no one who could be waving to them.

"Maybe Mr. Glover is waving to us," said Sunny Boy. "And Mrs. Glover. And Toodles would be wagging his tail, wouldn't he, Daddy?"

Mr. Horton agreed that Toodles would probably be wagging his tail.

Sunny Boy had forgotten the thing Mr. Glover had put in his hand till now. He looked down. He was holding it so tightly that his fingers hurt. He opened them and there in his

palm lay an exquisite little gold knife with a little winking stone at one end.

"Isn't it pretty!" cried Sunny Boy in delight. "Is that the kind of knife sailors have, Daddy?"

Mr. Horton laughed as he took the knife and looked at it closely.

"Well, no, Son, I hardly think it is," he answered seriously. "This is a gold knife, you see, and that is a little diamond set in the end. You press it like this," and Mr. Horton pressed the diamond, "and the blades open. But as you can tell from looking at it, you could never whittle a pair of oars with that kind of knife."

Sunny Boy could see that at once, and so he told his mother as soon as he showed the knife to her. She had never wanted him to have a knife—she thought that little boys could be just as happy without one—and Sunny Boy was really waiting until he should be ten years old. His daddy had promised him a knife with four blades on his tenth birthday.

"I wish you'd let me put this away for you, precious," said Mrs. Horton. "I'll keep it in the leather case with my rings and my pins. You may see it as often as you wish and show it to any one you choose. But if I were you, I wouldn't carry it till I was older."

"All right," Sunny Boy said instantly. "Of course it was nice of Mr. Glover to give it to me, but it isn't a real sailor knife. You keep it, Mother. And if you want to use it, just take it. I won't care."

Mrs. Horton kissed him and said she didn't believe she would have to borrow it, but it was nice to know she could. Then she put the knife away in the little leather case where she kept her pretty rings and pins, and where, too, she had placed Frank Witt's ring for sake keeping, and went on with her dressing.

Sunny Boy was so proud of his sailor suit that he wanted to wear it to dinner. He was excited, too, at the thought of eating on board a ship. When they went down to the dining-room he

wished that Nelson and Ruth Baker were there to see him. He sat between his mother and daddy at a long table and one of the ship's officers, a young man with twinkling dark eyes, sat at the end to the left of Mr. Horton.

"Is this the boy who captured the stowaway?" asked the officer, while the colored waiter filled the water glasses.

CHAPTER VIII

BOUND FOR PORTO RICO

EVERYBODY at the table looked interested.

"I didn't hear of a stowaway," said a stout man. "When was he discovered?"

"Just before sailing time," the young officer explained. "And here's the chap who discovered him and turned him over to the proper authorities."

Sunny Boy felt very uncomfortable with so many people looking at him. He didn't like to be teased, either, and just for a moment he wished he were at home safe in his own dining-room.

"Tell me about this," said the stout man, with eagerness. "What did you do? Where did you find him? Was the captain put out?"

Sunny Boy saw that there was nothing to do but tell what had happened.

"It wasn't a stowaway," he said earnestly. "It was a little poodle dog. His name is Toodles. He ran away and hid and I found him. That's all."

The stout man nodded his head.

"That's a stowaway," he insisted. "Isn't it, Mr. Kenny?"

The ship's officer agreed that it was.

"Any one who deliberately comes on board and hides, without paying or attempting to pay for his passage, is a stowaway," he declared. "So the officers and crew of the *Santa Maria* are very grateful to you, Sunny Boy, for saving them the trouble of hunting up that passenger and putting him off the ship."

"But I don't think Toodles wanted to go to Porto Rico," said Sunny Boy doubtfully. "He ran and hid because he was cold and perhaps strange people frightened him."

"Well, we can't excuse stowaways," Mr.

Kenny said to that. "And any time you find another, Sunny Boy, I'll be much obliged to you if you'll just come and tell me and we'll see that he is put off."

Sunny Boy smiled shyly and went on with his dinner. He thought that it seemed funny to be eating on a boat and have everything exactly as it would be at a hotel or a restaurant on shore. People laughed and talked and waiters moved among them and over in a corner, hidden by a screen of palms, an orchestra played softly.

After dinner the Hortons went up on deck to see if it was still raining. It was pouring steadily, and though some men and a few women were tramping around in rubbers and raincoats, Sunny Boy and his mother and daddy decided that they would wait for pleasant weather. And, as there would be plenty of time to explore the big ship, Mr. Horton said he thought Sunny Boy would be very sensible to go right to bed,

especially as it would be the first time he had ever spent a night on board a ship.

Sunny Boy found getting ready for bed fun. Everything was very handy in their cabin, but very compact, too. There wasn't a corner or a wall that had not been used to hold something. Mr. Horton said that he was afraid to move around much for fear he would hit something, but Sunny Boy thought there was plenty of room. He was a little disappointed because the steamer didn't "bounce up and down," but when he mentioned this to his mother she said she was glad it didn't.

"I am not as good a sailor as Daddy is," she said. "I can do very well without any bouncing up and down. I don't believe you would like it very much, either, Sunny Boy."

Sunny Boy was asleep almost as soon as he was tucked in, and the last thing he remembered was the music from the orchestra which was playing somewhere for people to dance.

"Ship ahoy!" was the first thing he heard the next morning.

For a moment he thought it was the driver who had brought him his sailor suit. Then he remembered that he was out on the ocean and he rolled over quickly.

Mr. Horton was dressed and had evidently been out, for he held a cap in his hand.

"It's a wonderful morning!" he cried. "Don't you want to go around the deck with me before breakfast, Sunny Boy?"

That was exactly what Sunny Boy wanted to do, and he scrambled out of bed and began to dress as fast as he could. Daddy Horton helped him and Mrs. Horton brushed his hair and in a few minutes he was ready.

The first person they saw when they reached the upper deck was Mr. Kenny. He smiled and said "good morning" and asked Sunny Boy if he had found any more stowaways.

"Well, don't forget to keep an eye out for

them," he said when Sunny Boy replied that he had not seen any.

Sunny Boy and his daddy walked once around the deck and then it was time for breakfast. Sunny Boy would have liked to walk more, but he had to admit that he was hungry. There was a strong wind blowing and the sea sparkled in the sun; and wind and sunshine always made Sunny Boy hungry. He remembered how it had been at Nestle Cove.

There were not so many people at the breakfast table as there had been at dinner the night before. Mrs. Horton said some of the passengers had breakfast in their cabins and some would come in later.

"But we don't want to miss an hour of this beautiful day, do we?" she asked, smiling at Sunny Boy.

"I like to see a boy who starts the day with a smile," the stout man, who had asked Sunny Boy to tell him about the dog, declared. "Now there's a boy in the cabin next to mine who was

growling and grumbling all the time he was getting dressed; I could hear him plainly."

Sunny Boy looked around the dining-room curiously. There were three or four children at the different tables, but none of them looked especially cross.

"I hope you'll cheer him up if you see him," the stout man said, stirring his second cup of coffee. "I don't like to hear boys grumbling before breakfast."

Sunny Boy had been wondering what one did on a ship when one could not run out and play. But Mr. and Mrs. Horton knew what to do.

"We'll go up and see about our chairs first," said Mr. Horton when they had finished breakfast. "And then, once we're settled, you may do a little exploring for yourself, Sunny Boy. You won't have to look out for automobiles as you did in New York."

On the sunny side of one of the decks they found a long row of comfortable chairs. Here the grown-ups sat to rest and read and enjoy the

breeze. Sunny Boy's mother and daddy each had a chair, and there was some one sitting on either side of them.

Mr. Horton helped Mrs. Horton into her chair, put a rug over her knees, and handed her the book she wanted to read. Then he sat down to look at his papers and magazines. The lady in the chair next to Sunny Boy's mother spoke to him.

"That's my little boy over there by the railing," she said. "His name is Paul—Paul Lester. Don't you want to go over and speak to him?"

Sunny Boy wasn't really shy, but he didn't feel exactly like walking up to a strange boy and speaking to him. Still, he thought it would be nice to know a boy to play with and, as his mother nodded to him to go, he walked slowly over to the deck railing.

He stood silent beside the other boy for a minute and then, taking his courage in both hands, he said, "Hello!"

Paul Lester turned. He was scowling, but that may have been because the sun was in his eyes.

"Hello!" he answered.

"I'm Sunny Boy and I know your name—it's Paul," went on Sunny Boy. "Isn't this a nice ship?"

"There's nothing to do on it," Paul complained. "I want to fish for sharks, but my mother won't let me."

"How do you fish for sharks?" asked Sunny Boy curiously.

"Oh, you have a line and a piece of fat and you trail it in the ocean," Paul said. "Then they bite—the sharks, I mean—and you haul them up and spear them. I read about it."

Sunny Boy said he thought the deck was too high for them to haul a shark far out of the water.

"I have a new sailboat," he announced. "Do you want to see it?"

"All right. I've got a boat, too. You go and

get yours and I'll get mine," Paul replied. "I've got a taxi, too, that goes when you wind it. I'll bring that."

Sunny Boy ran back to tell his mother he was going down to the cabin to get his boat to show Paul.

"But, precious, can you find your way?" asked Mrs. Horton.

"Oh, he can't get lost on board," Sunny Boy's daddy said comfortably. "It will do him good to find his own way about. Here is the key, Son. But mind you don't lose it."

Sunny Boy felt very important hurrying down the stairs with the cabin key in his hand. He had a good sense of direction and he had noticed when walking with his daddy where they had turned and which direction they had taken. So now he was sure that he was going to find the cabin without any trouble.

"Only I never saw this hall before," he said presently.

He was sure that he had not walked through

this part of the ship. He knew he would have remembered the rows of doors if he had seen them before. There was no one around to ask, so he kept on, and he had almost reached the end of the corridor when he heard a low whistle.

Sunny Boy stopped and listened.

"Pst!" said some one in a shrill whisper.

Right before Sunny Boy's astonished eyes a stateroom door opened, just a crack, and two dark eyes were staring at him.

"Pst!" came the whisper again. "Duck in here a minute, will you?"

Sunny Boy was so surprised he walked right into the stateroom and the door closed so quietly behind him that he heard only the soft click.

The dark eyes belonged to a boy. The lad was older than Sunny Boy and taller, and he sat on the edge of a berth and grinned.

"Didn't expect to see me, did you?" he said. "Well, I didn't intend to have you, but I'm so hungry I had to take a chance. I don't suppose you have anything to eat with you?"

Sunny Boy shook his head.

"Didn't you have any breakfast?" he asked.

"I woke up too late," the boy answered. "And last night I missed out on dinner because I went to bed too early. But gee, I never was so near starved!"

"I'll tell Mr. Kenny. He'll send you something to eat," said Sunny Boy confidently.

"Hold on a minute! Who is Mr. Kenny?" asked the boy quickly.

"He sits at our table and he has something to do with the ship," Sunny Boy explained.

"If it's all the same to you, I wish you wouldn't bother Mr. Kenny," said the boy. "You see, he doesn't know I am on board and I wouldn't like to worry him."

Into Sunny Boy's mind flashed the word he had heard the night before.

"Are you—are you a stowaway?" he asked excitedly.

The boy glanced at him sharply.

"Now what does a little shaver like you know of stowaways?" he asked.

"Mr. Kenny told me. You come on board and hide and you don't pay any money to get to Porto Rico!" cried Sunny Boy. "He said to tell him if I found one."

"So I suppose you'll run right off and tell," the boy said. "Listen, don't you suppose I would pay if I had any money? Are you paying for your passage?"

"Daddy is," Sunny Boy answered. "He bought tickets."

"Well, I don't happen to have any daddy to buy me a ticket," the boy said grimly. "I want to get to Porto Rico and work on a sugar plantation. I did that once before and I like it. If you keep still I can get there, but if you tell, they'll send me back. Now what are you going to do?"

CHAPTER IX

PETE JONES

SUNNY BOY was confused, but he felt sorry for the boy. Perhaps it was all right to be a stowaway if you didn't have any daddy to buy your ticket.

"I won't tell—" he was beginning when some one knocked on the stateroom door.

"Hide!" whispered the boy. "Hide quick!" and he scrambled under the bed and disappeared from sight.

Sunny Boy was too surprised to hide. He stood perfectly still in the middle of the floor. The knock sounded again and then some one tried the handle of the door. It was locked.

"There—he's gone," the boy whispered, creeping out from his hiding place. "It's lucky I thought to turn the key after you came in."

"Who was it?" Sunny Boy asked. "Why did he want to get in?"

"Oh, it was probably one of the stewards; they're always fussing around," the boy answered. "Say, I just have to have something to eat. Can't you get me a cracker or a biscuit, or *something?*"

"I could at lunch time," said Sunny Boy. "Will you be here then?"

"Well, I don't stay here all the time," the boy explained. "I move around as much as I can, because you never can tell when some curious person may take it into his head to look in this stateroom. I meant to hide down in the engine room, but that is the first place they always look for stowaways."

"I'll bring you something after lunch. I can put it in my pocket," Sunny Boy promised.

"And you won't tell anybody?" the boy insisted. "I just have to get to Porto Rico! I know I can get a job down there. You won't tell, will you? What's your name?"

"Sunny Boy."

"All right, Sunny Boy. Will you promise not to tell?"

"No, I won't tell," Sunny Boy said. "I guess you can't help it if you haven't any money to buy your ticket. What's your name?"

"Pete," answered the boy. "Pete Jones. It isn't high-sounding; but then I never did put on airs."

Before he would let Sunny Boy out of the stateroom Pete looked up and down the corridor carefully. He said that if any of the officers or crew saw Sunny Boy coming from the room they would immediately suspect that some one was in there.

"And when you come back after lunch, mind you don't rap unless you are sure there is nobody watching you," said Pete.

Sunny Boy ran down the hall and soon found himself in the corridor that led to his own cabin. He took his ship and went back to the deck.

"We began to think you were lost," said his

daddy. "I was just coming down to find you."

"What makes your cheeks so red, Sunny Boy?" his mother asked. "You must have hurried too fast."

Paul, with his ship and his taxicab, was waiting for Sunny Boy, and they found a quiet corner of the deck where they could play and not annoy the older people. Several other children came up to watch them, and in less than five minutes they were all well acquainted. There were only two little girls in the group, and one of them reminded Sunny Boy of Ruth Baker. She had a brother, just as Ruth had, and she wanted to do everything that he did. Ruth always wanted to do what Nelson did.

Sunny Boy's head was so full of the boy down in the stateroom, Pete Jones, that it was a wonder he didn't tell Paul Lester about him. But he remembered his promise and never said a word about Pete.

When they tired of the toys they went for a

walk on deck and half way around they found an old man polishing brass work.

"The top of the morning to ye," the man cried gayly. "And what better day than this would you be wanting to see for a day's sailin'?"

The children stopped to watch him work. Sunny Boy had never seen any one having such a good time at work. The old man whistled a little and then he hummed a tune and when he was too busy to either whistle or hum his foot kept up a cheerful tapping on the floor.

"Are you a sailor?" asked Paul politely.

"Well, yes and no," the old man said cheerfully. "I'm not much of a hand at navigating, but when it comes to keeping things shipshape, they always send for Michael James."

The other children soon tired of watching the brass work sparkle under Michael's rag and they went on, but Sunny Boy stayed to talk to the old man. He asked his questions—did he live on the ship and how many times had he been to Porto Rico and what kind of place that was

and, finally, if the *Santa Maria* ever "bounced up and down?"

"Bless you, she does that," said Michael, in answer to this last question. "And you'll have a chance to see for yourself, if I'm not mistaken. There's a storm brewing over there, if ever I saw one."

"But the sun is shining," Sunny Boy argued. "How can there be a storm when the sun is shining?"

"You wait and you'll see," said Michael. "If we don't have a storm before morning, I'll shine my nose with this can of polish."

That made Sunny Boy hope the storm would come. Surely Michael didn't want to polish his nose with brass polish and Sunny Boy would not like to have him do so.

Mr. Horton came after Sunny Boy at that moment to say it was time to get ready for lunch. As soon as he heard that, Sunny Boy remembered the hungry Pete Jones.

"Gee, I have a lot of things to think about,"

he said to himself as he washed his hands. "There's Pete and there's the storm Michael says is coming! But perhaps Michael made a mistake."

Sunny Boy had no very clear idea of how he was to carry Pete something to eat. He supposed he could put some bread and butter in his blouse, but when he reached the table he saw that he couldn't do that—every one would be sure to ask him why he was putting crummy bread and butter in his nice new sailor blouse.

He did manage to slip a roll in his pocket, and then he remembered the basket of fruit he had seen in the cabin.

"Mother, do you think I could have an Orange?" he asked. "After lunch, I mean? An orange out of the basket, Mother?"

"Yes, dear, of course you may," Mrs. Horton said. "And if you want to take your crackers with you and eat them later, you may do that. Daddy and I are going up on deck and you'll find us there if you want to be excused now."

Sunny Boy had had crackers and milk for his lunch and the crackers had been brought to him in a pasteboard box. The other children in the dining-room had boxes of crackers, too; but most of them had eaten theirs. Sunny Boy had saved his. He liked to play with animal crackers and often saved them. But now he decided to give them to Pete Jones. As he went past the table where Paul Lester sat he heard his name called.

"I hate crackers and milk," said Paul crossly. "Want my box of crackers, Sunny Boy?"

Sunny Boy didn't know whether it would be polite or not to take the box, but Mrs. Lester held out the box to him.

"You take them, Sunny Boy," she said pleasantly. "Paul doesn't know what is good for him. He likes too many sweets. Aren't you the boy who likes to play menagerie with animal crackers?"

Sunny Boy felt that he ought to explain to her he wasn't going to play menagerie with these crackers, but as he couldn't do that without

breaking his promise to Pete he said nothing. He took the crackers and hurried away to his cabin where he found the basket of fruit on the table.

He picked out the largest orange he could find and put it in his blouse. Now he had two boxes of crackers, a roll and an orange for the stowaway and he hoped that Pete would find them enough. He was sorry there was no butter on the roll, but he had not had time to butter it.

He hurried down the hallway and, after one or two wrong turns, found the corridor where he had seen Pete.

"Gee!" thought Sunny Boy, in great distress, "I've forgotten the number of that room!"

And so he had. Rather, he had never looked at it. Pete had opened the door and he had slipped inside without looking at the number. Now how was he to find Pete and give him his lunch? It would never do to knock at the different doors, one after the other, and ask if a

boy was in there. That would be the surest way to betray the fact that Pete had no ticket.

"Pst!" came a whisper so suddenly that Sunny Boy jumped.

He looked around cautiously and there was Pete, beckoning to him through a crack in one of the doorways.

Sunny Boy hurried back and Pete opened the door wide enough to let him through.

"Did you bring me anything?" he asked hungrily.

Sunny Boy took the orange out of his pocket and gave him the two boxes of crackers. Then he tugged at the roll, which was a tight fit for his pocket.

"I didn't put any butter on it," he apologized, "because I had to put it in my pocket in a hurry. It's hard to take anything from the table, for people are looking at you."

Pete was already eating the crackers.

"You're all right, Sunny Boy!" he cried heartily. "I knew I could depend on you. And

now if you'll bring me something now and then—when you get a chance, you know—I'll be more than obliged. I don't have to eat all the time. But it's harder going without than I thought it would be."

"Perhaps I can bring you something after dinner," Sunny Boy said doubtfully. "But if I can't, I will in the morning. Honest, Pete."

"Try to make it after dinner," said Pete, beginning to peel a hole in the orange. "But if you don't come, I'll know it is because you can't get here."

Sunny Boy slipped out of the stateroom and turned to look at its number. He meant to remember it after this.

"Twenty-seven," he said to himself. "Twenty-seven. I won't forget that any more."

"Hello, Sunny Boy, your dad is looking for you," Mr. Kenny told him.

The officer seemed surprised to find Sunny Boy wandering down in this corridor—his own cabin was in a different direction—but he said

Sunny Boy tugged at the roll.

nothing and Sunny Boy scuttled up on deck where he found his mother in her steamer chair and his daddy waiting to take him over the ship.

"Thought you must have gone exploring yourself, old man," said Mr. Horton. "Don't you want to see what the *Santa Maria* looks like?"

Sunny Boy did, very much, and they set out at once. Mrs. Horton said she would rather rest quietly on deck.

Sunny Boy thought he had seen most of the ship when he and his daddy had hunted for Toodles, but now he discovered that there were several decks he had not visited at all. There was a library, with shelves filled with books, and a room where games could be played and a gymnasium. There was even a little conservatory where fresh flowers for the dining-room tables were grown, Michael James was down on his knees, mopping the floor, when Sunny Boy and Mr. Horton peeped in at the door.

"Here's a friend of mine!" cried Michael, apparently much pleased to see Sunny Boy again.

"Joe, don't tell me you haven't a posie for the lad who's a friend of mine. Give me a rose now for him to take to his mother."

Joe was a young man, busy at a table with a mass of roses and ferns. He selected a lovely, long-stemmed pink rose and held it out to Sunny Boy.

"And here's a bit of fern to go with it," he said, picking out a feathery fern that was almost as tall as the rose.

Sunny Boy thanked him delightedly and told him that roses were his mother's favorite flowers.

"My mother likes them, too," Joe said. "There's no sweeter flower that grows, to my way of thinking."

Sunny Boy carried his rose carefully as he followed his daddy up and down the stairs. They saw the kitchens and the pantries and the great engine rooms where huge fires blazed under great boilers and where everything was very shining and clean and very, very hot. Sunny Boy thought he would not like to have to work in such

a hot place. He was glad, too, that Pete had decided not to hide in the engine room. He might have been baked, as well as hungry.

"We'll have to get back to Mother now," said Mr. Horton when they had seen the stokers at work. "I don't like the way the ship is beginning to pitch. If a storm comes up, Mother is likely to be sick."

Sunny Boy remembered what Michael had said about the coming storm. And the *Santa Maria* was beginning to "bounce up and down."

CHAPTER X

A STORMY NIGHT

"SHE'S kicking up a nasty sea," said a man, hurrying down the stairs past them, as Sunny Boy and his daddy went up on deck.

Sunny Boy had expected it would be raining, but the sun was shining. True, it was almost ready to set and there were clouds around it, but you couldn't say there was no sun as long as its golden rim still showed. The ocean was no longer blue, however; it was gray and wherever Sunny Boy looked he saw the white caps tossing.

"Here's a rose for you, Mother," said Sunny Boy, laying the beautiful pink flower in Mrs. Horton's lap.

"Why, Sunny Boy, how very lovely!" she

cried in delight. "Where did you find a pink rose out here in the middle of the sea?"

Sunny Boy told about the conservatory and Michael and Joe.

"I don't believe I'll go down to dinner," Mrs. Horton observed. "I feel much better out here in the air. I'll put on my heavy coat and the steward will bring me something to eat."

So Sunny Boy and his daddy went down to dinner alone. Mrs. Horton's chair was not the only vacant one at the table. Other people also felt a little giddy or ill, because of the rolling of the boat.

"You're a regular sailor, aren't you?" Mr. Kenny said, smiling when he saw Sunny Boy. "You're not going to let seasickness spoil your trip, I see."

"Found any more stowaways?" asked the stout man, whose name, they had learned, was Mr. Major.

Sunny Boy at first had thought he was a major in the army, but the stout man had ex-

plained that he was not an army man—his last name was Major just as Sunny Boy's last name was Horton.

When Mr. Major asked whether he had found any more stowaways, Sunny Boy blushed. He thought that Mr. Kenny was looking at him, too, and that didn't make him feel any more comfortable.

"No, we only catch stowaways with four feet," declared Mr. Horton, thinking perhaps that Sunny Boy was shy, because he did not answer.

It happened that Sunny Boy had an excellent chance to get something for Pete to eat that night, because his daddy ate hastily and went up to see if Mrs. Horton had eaten her dinner. He said Sunny Boy was to stay quietly at the table until he had finished and then come up on deck. They could all three sit quietly a little while and listen to the music and then it would be time to go to bed.

Mr. Kenny was sent for before he had finished his dessert and Mr. Major went off to smoke

his pipe without waiting for dessert. That left Sunny Boy separated from the nearest person at the table by five chairs.

He hastily bundled into his napkin a slice of bread he had not eaten and the crackers left from the salad. Then he took four little cakes from the plate the waiter brought him, two peaches, a pear, and a banana from the silver dish of fruit and filled his pocket with little mint candies.

"There!" he thought with satisfaction, as he slipped down from his chair. "I guess Pete won't starve. I wish I could carry him a glass of milk, but I can't without spilling it."

This time he remembered where the stateroom was—it was an inside room, which was lucky, because the outside rooms opened directly on the decks and there were always people walking up and down. Pete was watching for him.

"Say, you brought a lot of stuff," he said gratefully. "You're a good kid, Sunny Boy, and some day, when I'm a rich sugar planter,

I'll give you a hundred dollars for Christmas."

"You'll have to pay the steamship people first," Sunny Boy reminded him.

"All right, I'll do that, too," agreed Pete. "Say, these cakes are good. I suppose you have lots of good things to eat out there?"

Sunny Boy had to admit that he had had a good dinner and he felt sorrier for Pete than ever. But he dared not stay any longer, so he put his head out of the door, made sure that no one was looking, and trotted off to the deck where he knew he would find his daddy and mother.

They could hear the orchestra plainly from where they sat and Sunny Boy rested on his daddy's lap and listened until his head went down with a thud and Mr. Horton declared that he was asleep.

"I'm not exactly asleep," protested Sunny Boy.

But he was very glad to be undressed, and his eyes kept shutting so much his daddy had

to help him with the undressing, and he never knew when he finally did tumble into bed.

He was not used to waking up before morning, and when he opened his eyes a few hours later and found the cabin was dark he thought perhaps he was having a bad dream.

"Mother?" he called softly.

No one answered and he wondered if his mother was asleep. He slipped out of bed, and then the most amazing thing happened to him. He rolled over and over, exactly as he had seen funny men roll in the movies. But Sunny Boy wasn't trying to be funny—something was the matter with his feet. He felt dizzy and when he bumped into a chair, he grasped it thankfully. But the chair didn't behave as chairs usually do. It began to slide, and it slid clear across the room, taking Sunny Boy with it. They both crashed into the washstand and Sunny Boy heard something fall off the shelf and strike the basin —his toothbrush, he found out later.

"Moth-er!" cried Sunny Boy, in a panic. "Moth-er! Daddy!"

Then he knew he was all alone in this queer place, for no one answered and even if his mother had been asleep, she would have heard him when he called. She always heard him when he called her.

"I guess I'll go see Pete," said Sunny Boy aloud, thinking of the other boy who was also alone.

He had some trouble finding the door and he couldn't find the electric light at all, but at last he discovered the knob by feeling and opened the door and stepped into the hall.

There was plenty of light there, but no one to see the queer little figure as Sunny Boy paddled along in his blue pajamas. He could hear people talking somewhere and the *Santa Maria* was bouncing up and down enough to please any one. Had Sunny Boy only known it, a wind and rain storm was raging and most of the grown-ups were too restless to go to bed. They were in the

parlors, reading and talking and a few were gathered on the sheltered decks where the fresh air kept them from feeling too ill.

"It's funny, I can't find twenty-seven," said Sunny Boy, when he had gone downstairs to the corridor he thought he remembered. "Maybe it's over here," and he made another turn.

This brought him out on a deck he had never seen before, and because his eyes were dazzled by the bright lights he couldn't see a thing when he stepped out. As a result he walked into some one sitting in a steamer chair, well drawn back from the lashing wind and water.

"Easy, Brother," said a kind voice, a rather trembling voice, but very kind for all that. "Where are you going on this stormy night?"

Sunny Boy clutched the steamer rug and tried to see the man who had spoken.

"I guess I got lost," admitted the small boy.

He nearly added that he was looking for state-room number twenty-seven and that he wanted to see a boy named Pete Jones. He recalled,

just in time, that he must not mention Pete to any one.

"You are pretty little to be wandering around by yourself," said the voice, a little chuckle of laughter in it now. "We'd better go in where there is a light and get acquainted."

To Sunny Boy's surprise, the man opened a door directly behind him and turned on the light in a comfortable cabin. Then Sunny Boy saw that he was a very old man who walked with a cane, that his hair was white, and that he stooped over as though his back hurt him. He looked much older than Granpa Horton, and Sunny Boy had always thought of him as an old, old man.

"Good gracious, Brother, you're not dressed for traveling," cried the old man when he saw Sunny Boy. "You'll be coming down with the sneezes, if you're not more careful. You don't want to have the sneezes, do you?"

Sunny Boy shook his head. He didn't know

what they were, but they didn't sound in the least attractive.

"Then you do just as I say and you won't have them," said the old man. He unfolded a blanket that lay across the foot of his berth and wrapped Sunny Boy snugly in it. Then he told him to sit perfectly quiet while he fixed him some "medicine."

Sunny Boy watched interestedly while the old man hobbled around. He walked very slowly, but he talked every minute and said so many funny things that Sunny Boy giggled in delight and forgot to feel lonely. The "medicine" proved to be milk and the old man heated a glassful over an electric lamp. It tasted good, and Sunny Boy drank every drop.

"Now you lean back against the pillow and I'll tell you a story," said the old man.

He began, in a sing-song voice, to tell about an Indian brave who was searching for three red feathers. Sunny Boy tried hard to listen, but

the voice kept going further and further away and at last he couldn't hear a single word.

The next thing he knew it was broad daylight and he was lying in his own bed in his own cabin. His daddy was shaving before the mirror hung over the lavatory.

"Hello!" he whispered, when he saw that Sunny Boy was awake. "Don't disturb Mother. I'll help you get dressed."

They both dressed and slipped out without waking Mrs. Horton. Sunny Boy was very curious to learn how he came to be back in his own bed, and as they tramped the deck Mr. Horton told him what had happened.

"I was up on deck with Mother, who didn't feel well," he explained. "When we decided to come down and go to bed, the cabin was empty. Mother thought at once that the storm had frightened you—it seemed worse below decks than out where you could see it—and we began to hunt. We asked all the stewards and rapped

at the stateroom doors and Mr. Kenny sent searchers to find you."

"Oh, my!" said Sunny Boy apologetically. "I didn't mean to get lost, Daddy."

"Well, it was pretty tough to wake up in a storm and not have any one to speak to you," Mr. Horton replied. "Mother felt dreadfully because she had left you alone."

"Lots of times I don't wake up," said Sunny.

"So it seems," Mr. Horton nodded. "Well, just as we had begun to despair of finding you, an old man, leaning on his cane, came down the hall and asked if any one had heard of a missing boy. Mr. Kenny was there, and he came and told me at once and we went to Mr. Cory's room and found you, fast asleep. You never woke up, even when Mother hugged you."

Mr. Cory was the old gentleman's name and Sunny Boy saw him at breakfast. He and Daddy had to eat alone, for Mrs. Horton was too ill to come to the table. There were more vacant chairs than ever, for though the storm

had passed in the night the seas were still rough.

Sunny Boy managed to save two rolls for Pete, but he found no chance to take them to the stowaway till the morning was almost gone. Then his mother sent him with a message to the deck where Mr. Horton was reading and Sunny Boy sped away to stateroom twenty-seven. He meant to leave Pete the rolls before he went up on deck.

"Pete," he whispered through the key hole. "Pete, it's me."

To his horror, some one touched him on the shoulder.

CHAPTER XI

PLANS FOR PETE

SUNNY BOY had kneeled down to talk through the keyhole. Now he glanced up and saw Mr. Kenny looking at him.

"Who is in there?" the officer asked sternly.

Sunny Boy put his hands behind him and said nothing.

"Come, don't be afraid," Mr. Kenny went on more gently. "Were you speaking to some one in that stateroom, Sunny Boy?"

Poor Sunny Boy nodded but before he could say anything the door behind him was jerked open and Pete Jones was scowling at Mr. Kenny.

"Don't you scold that kid," he commanded the surprised officer. "He isn't to blame. Everything's my fault. All he did was to bring me something to eat, because I asked him to."

Sunny Boy silently held out the two rolls.

"See?" said Pete. "He's an awful nice boy and he wouldn't tell on me for anything, would you, Sunny Boy?"

"But I thought you were going to tell me if you found any more stowaways," Mr. Kenny said. "I thought I could trust you to come and tell me, Sunny Boy."

"Pete isn't a real stowaway," explained Sunny Boy eagerly. "He hasn't any daddy to buy him a ticket, and when he is a rich sugar planter he is going to pay the steamship company."

Mr. Kenny looked at Pete who was looking at Sunny Boy.

"I see," and the officer nodded. "Well, Sunny Boy, I want you to do as I ask you to this time. Find your daddy and tell him all about Pete and what you have been doing. Meanwhile, Pete and I will go to see the captain."

Sunny Boy had seen the captain—a tall man with the most beautiful gold braid all over his uniform. Every one was very respectful to the

captain and Sunny Boy was a little afraid of him.

"You won't let him throw Pete overboard, will you?" asked Sunny Boy anxiously.

Mr. Kenny said the captain wouldn't throw Pete overboard and then sent Sunny Boy to find his father and tell him about Pete at once.

Sunny Boy looked back as he made the turn at the end of the corridor. Mr. Kenny was talking earnestly to Pete. Sunny Boy hoped he wasn't scolding him.

Mr. Horton was reading in his steamer chair and he was very glad to see his small son. He had been down to the cabin and found Mrs. Horton asleep, he said.

"Daddy, this is about a boy," began Sunny Boy, climbing into his daddy's lap.

Mr. Horton closed his magazine and listened. He was so surprised to hear about Pete Jones that the magazine slid off his lap and he did not notice it. Sunny Boy went back to the very beginning and told how Pete had called to him

through the door and then of the times he had taken him things to eat.

"Why, Sunny Boy Horton, what will you be doing next?" said Mr. Horton gravely. "Don't you know that a stowaway is really like a thief? Pete Jones was cheating the steamship company, and he knew it."

"But he's going to pay it back," Sunny Boy urged.

"You can't take what you want and plan to pay for it when you get the money," said Mr. Horton. "Would you go to the grocery store and grab a dozen eggs, Sunny Boy, and then pay the grocer perhaps ten years afterwards?"

"No-o, I guess not," Sunny Boy admitted. "But Pete wants to work on a sugar plantation and he hasn't any daddy to buy him a ticket. And he's nice, Daddy—nicer than Joe Brown. You and Mother bought Joe Brown a ticket home from New York."

Joe Brown had run away from Centronia and Sunny Boy had met him in New York where he

was friendless and miserable. Mr. Horton had helped him get safely home again, and Sunny Boy remembered that.

"Well, we'll have to see what we can do about Pete Jones," declared Mr. Horton. "But, Sunny Boy, here's something I want to tell you. When you are asked to do something you can not tell Daddy or Mother, you may be pretty sure it isn't the right thing to do. Will you try to remember that another time?"

Sunny Boy promised readily. He had been most uncomfortable because Pete would not let him tell his daddy or mother, and down in his own kind little heart he knew that he should not have taken food to the boy in the stateroom without asking Daddy's or Mother's advice. He felt much better now his father knew, and when Mr. Horton suggested that they go down to see the captain, Sunny Boy went willingly.

The captain's cabin was a large and handsome room with many maps on the walls, shelves of books, and some silver cups on the mantel. As

Mr. Horton had expected, they found Mr. Kenny and Pete there. They found also one of the stewards—the man who was supposed to have charge of the stateroom where Pete had hidden.

"It isn't the steward's fault," Pete was saying as Mr. Kenny opened the door in response to Mr. Horton's knock. "I turned the lock with a button hook. And I wasn't there all the time. I dodged around because I thought it was safer."

The captain looked very big and stern behind his desk and Sunny Boy thought his father was very brave to speak to him at all.

"My little boy's heart ran away with his head, Captain Marshall," said Mr. Horton. "He thought he was helping an unhappy boy, and he never stopped to think that he was aiding some one to cheat the steamship company. We've come to apologize."

"You won't do it again, will you?" said Captain Marshall, looking straight at Sunny Boy.

"Oh, no, I won't do it again. Next time I'll tell Daddy first," Sunny Boy promised.

Then the captain leaned over against his desk and shook hands with Sunny Boy and told him that he had heard of him before from Mr. Kenny and that they both hoped after this he would be willing to help the ship's officers and not the enemy.

"I don't think Pete is an enemy," said loyal little Sunny Boy clearly. "He just wants to get to Porto Rico to work on a sugar plantation."

"Well, I won't now," Pete muttered. "They're going to send me back as soon as we touch at San Juan."

"I'd like to have a talk with you, Captain, if you could spare me a few minutes," said Mr. Horton quietly.

The captain told Mr. Kenny to take Pete down to the engine room and set him at work cleaning brass, while Sunny Boy was sent to see if his mother was awake. She was still asleep,

so he went up on deck and played with Paul Lester, who said he had been hunting all over the ship for him.

Mr. Horton stayed in the captain's cabin almost an hour. When he came out he had a great deal to tell Sunny Boy. He told him while they were getting ready for lunch, and Mrs. Horton, who was awake by that time and feeling much better after her long nap, listened eagerly. She was, of course, much surprised to hear that Sunny Boy had been carrying food to a stowaway, and she was as interested as Sunny Boy to find out what was going to become of poor Pete Jones.

"I couldn't afford to pay full passage for the boy," Mr. Horton said. "But I told Captain Marshall that I was sure we could find enough passengers willing to help—in fact, I spoke to two or three men as I went through the library and we have practically the price of his ticket pledged now. The captain is going to keep him at work the rest of the voyage, partly as punishment, partly because it is better for the boy to

be busy, and Mr. Kenny will speak to a sugar planter who is on board. He thinks he will give the lad employment as soon as we dock at San Juan. The lad has worked before on a sugar plantation and likes it. That's why he was so eager to reach Porto Rico!"

It was impossible not to feel pleased that things were going to turn out so well for Pete. Even Captain Marshall, who had lectured him severely, was delighted when the money poured in to pay for the boy's ticket. As soon as the passengers heard of Pete and his story they were eager to help him. More money than his passage called for was given, and Mr. Jaeroz, the planter to whom Mr. Kenny had spoken, promised to put the money in a bank in Porto Rico in Pete's name. Mr. Jaeroz was also going to take the boy to his big sugar plantation and give him work and see that he also went to school.

All this came about exactly as planned, and the next Christmas Sunny Boy, far, far away

from Porto Rico and back in his own home in Centronia, was surprised to receive a package from Pete and find in it a box of the most delicious tropical fruits. Pete, you see, had not forgotten his little friend.

The rest of the voyage, however, the stowaway was kept pretty busy by the captain's orders, and old Michael had a rest from polishing brass work. Sunny Boy saw Pete now and then and talked a little to him, but mostly he played with Paul Lester and the other children. Mrs. Horton felt much better and the other seasick passengers were well again, too, so the dining-room was full at meal times and the decks were comfortably dotted with friendly people who were well acquainted after spending so much time together.

Sunny Boy thought the radio about the most wonderful thing on the ship, and he often listened when the operator was busy receiving the daily news. He loved to see the bright blue spark and to hear the sharp crackle and now he

knew exactly what he meant to be when he grew up. A wireless operator on a ship, of course!

"Once I was going to be a traffic policeman," he told Paul. "But that isn't exciting enough."

The operator was a pleasant young man, and he often told Sunny Boy stories of his experiences at sea. He had been in one shipwreck, and he said the wireless was never appreciated until there was a shipwreck, when it could summon help. There was one thing he would never do. He would not translate the code messages that crackled and sparkled as he sent them out or as he listened in. He said it was against the law and Sunny Boy never asked him after he said that. But Paul was curious and sometimes teased him to translate. But Harry Law—that was the operator's name—would only smile and shake his head.

Sunny Boy was great friends with Captain Marshall by this time, and Mr. Kenny asked him every morning if he had found any more stowaways. The stout man at their table, Mr. Major,

sometimes teased him a little about that, too. But he had given twenty dollars for Pete, so Sunny Boy did not mind if he did tease.

One morning, as he was on his way to the wireless room, he saw a lady in one of the steamer chairs drop her handkerchief. Sunny Boy picked it up quickly before the wind could blow it away and handed it to her.

"Thank you, dear," she said. "I wonder if you would take these cards to the steward and ask him to see that they're put in the mail bag? I've been writing to a little boy like you."

Sunny Boy smiled and took the cards.

"I wish you'd tell me your name," said the lady. "This little boy I know is named Frank. Frank Witt. Why, what's the matter?"

No wonder she asked what the matter was. Sunny Boy was staring at her as though he did not see her at all, but something "at the back of her head," as she told her husband that night.

"I know him!" cried Sunny Boy. "I have a ring of his—at least, my mother has it put

away. She was afraid I would lose it. And Frank has my watch! He forgot he had it!"

The lady was very much interested, and Sunny Boy sat down in the empty chair next to her and told her all about Frank and Nestle Cove and the watch and the ring.

"I'll write down his mother's address for you," the lady promised. "Then your mother can write to her. Frank is my godchild, you see."

Sunny Boy ran off to find his mother as soon as she had written down the address. Mrs. Horton was surprised, of course, to hear what had happened.

"But I would rather have my watch now," mourned Sunny Boy.

CHAPTER XII

IN SAN JUAN

SUNNY BOY had really almost forgotten about his watch, but now he asked his mother for the box in which she kept Frank's ring and he took it out and looked at it carefully.

"I'll write as soon as we get to San Juan," Mrs. Horton promised. "I'll tell Mrs. Witt when we are going to be in Nestle Cove again and she will send the watch there. Perhaps we'll find it waiting when we go back."

"Are you going to send Frank's ring to him?" asked Sunny Boy.

Mrs. Horton had intended to do that at once, but after talking it over with her husband and with Mrs. Adams, Frank's godmother, she decided to wait until she heard from Mrs. Witt.

"They may not be at home now," said Mrs.

Adams. "The old aunt recovered from her illness and they were planning to take a trip as soon as she was well enough to be left. I mark all my mail to them 'please forward.' I wouldn't risk sending a package until you know where they are."

So Mrs. Horton put Frank's ring back in the box and Sunny Boy did not think much about it for several days, because they were coming to San Juan and there was so much for him to see and think about.

They were to land in the morning, and the Hortons were up early, for they wanted to see the wonderful old city as they approached it. Every one ate breakfast hastily and crowded up on deck. They had enjoyed the cruise on the *Santa Maria,* but now they were beginning to think it would be pleasant to "walk on the ground," as Sunny Boy told Mr. Kenny.

Pete Jones was on hand, keeping close to Mr. Jaeroz. Sunny Boy had said good-by to him and Mrs. Horton had written down their Cen-

tronia address for the lad. They would not see him in Porto Rico, for Mr. Jaeroz lived on a plantation some miles out of the city.

"Look at the boats!" cried Sunny Boy, as a group of what looked like small rowboats darted out toward the *Santa Maria.*

"Now you want to watch," Mr. Kenny said earnestly.

Sunny Boy leaned over the railing and Mr. Horton held him so that he would not tumble into the water. The boats were rowed by natives, and as they came near the *Santa Maria* the passengers began tossing coins into the ocean. To Sunny Boy's surprise the small black figures dived overboard and came up with the coins between their white teeth.

"Gee, I couldn't do that!" cried Sunny Boy. "I never saw anybody at Nestle Cove who could dive like that. Did you, Daddy?"

Mr. Horton said he had not, and added that these divers were very quick and skillful and

that they were famous for their quickness in snatching small coins from the water.

"Well, Sunny Boy, I'll see you again in a short time," said Captain Marshall, shaking hands with his small passenger. "I daresay you'll think it as much fun to go home as to go away. I imagine you have a good time whatever you happen to be doing."

The passengers were ready to go ashore now and automobiles were waiting to take them to their hotels. Sunny Boy waited till he was seated on his daddy's lap and then asked what Captain Marshall had meant.

"Are we going home on the *Santa Maria,* Daddy?" asked Sunny Boy. "Will it wait to take us back?"

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Horton replied. "We're here for only five days, you know, so we must do as much sight-seeing as we can mix in with my business. What do you want to do first, Mother?"

Mrs. Horton said that she thought she would

like to take the automobile tour Mrs. Adams had told her about. Then in the morning she and Sunny Boy might go through the shops and buy some things to take to the friends at home.

"And in the afternoon, we could go bathing. They say the beach is wonderful here," said Mrs. Horton.

When they reached the hotel they had an hour or two before luncheon and leaving Mr. Horton to attend to his business, Sunny Boy and his mother took a little walk. Nearly all the men they passed were dressed in white cotton suits and Sunny Boy thought they looked very nice. They went to the Plaza—which was an open square place—and Sunny Boy was sure he had never seen so many bootblacks in his life. These small, dark boys swarmed over the grass and kept asking Mrs. Horton to have her shoes polished.

"They can't all do it, so I'd wait, if I were you, Mother," said Sunny Boy. "It would be mean to pick out one, wouldn't it?"

"I couldn't 'pick out one,' as you call it, so we'll wait till we go back to the hotel for a shine," Mrs. Horton answered. "Look at the oranges, Sunny Boy. I wonder what Harriet would say if she saw this fruit?"

Sunny Boy looked at the oranges. They were a penny apiece and they were all neatly peeled. The white inner rind had been left and the smiling boy who sold them showed Sunny Boy how to punch a little hole at the end where the stem had been. Then he found he could suck it dry.

"Harriet likes oranges—I wish I could take her some of these," said Sunny Boy when his orange was eaten.

"You and I will find something that will keep better than oranges," Mrs. Horton declared. "We're going to the shops to-morrow."

They walked back to the hotel, but slowly, for on the way Sunny Boy made an interesting discovery that kept him from walking fast. The streets were very narrow and most of the houses had two stories with a balcony that overhung

the street. And it was possible to walk along and look right into these houses—no one seemed to care. There wasn't a curtain, only wooden shutters that were folded back. In one house Sunny Boy saw a mother feeding a baby with a wooden spoon and in another a group of children were gathered around a table, all busily making something. If his mother had not been with him, Sunny boy would probably have stood in front of one of these houses and stared until he found out what every one inside was doing.

At the hotel they found Mr. Horton down on the wide veranda.

"I'll have time before lunch to write to Aunt Bessie, and also to Mrs. Witt, explaining about Sunny Boy's watch," said Mrs. Horton. "I'll tell her when we expect to be at Nestle Cove again," she said, "and that she can send the watch there. And I'll promise to send Frank his ring as soon as I've heard from her."

They had a delicious lunch with one or two things to eat that Sunny Boy had never tasted

before, and then the automobiles were ready to take them for a sight-seeing trip.

Most of the people they had met on board the *Santa Maria* were in the cars. Mrs. Adams sat next to Mrs. Horton and Sunny Boy saw Paul Lester in another car and waved to him.

The man who sat with the driver told them about the places they visited and Sunny Boy wished with all his heart that Nelson Baker was there to hear him. Nelson Baker went to the public school and he knew a great deal about geography. But Sunny Boy was sure he did not know that San Juan was the oldest possession of the United States.

"Much older than St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States," the man told them.

"Daddy, if I forget, you tell me, won't you?" coaxed Sunny Boy. "I would like to tell geography to Nelson."

He had plenty of "geography" to tell Nelson before the afternoon was over. They visited the wonderful harbor forts and Sunny Boy

could not believe that he had seen them from the deck of the *Santa Maria* as she steamed into the harbor.

"Dear, you were watching the boys dive for coins and you didn't notice," said Mrs. Horton.

"Who built them?" asked Sunny Boy in a whisper when he had seen the dungeons under the forts where prisoners had once been hidden.

"Ponce de Leon. Don't you remember we saw his statue when we first started out?" Mr. Horton said. "He's the man who founded our own city of St. Augustine in Florida. That's the way to remember his name, Sunny Boy."

"It makes such a lot of remembering, Daddy. It would be easier if there wasn't so much all at once."

They saw so many interesting places that Sunny Boy began to think he would have to write a geography book for Nelson. But one thing he remembered without any trouble, and that was the old, old San Juan gate which had been built almost four hundred years. Sunny

Boy had never seen anything four hundred years old before, and he stared at the gate and at the church they visited next—which was almost four hundred years old, too—so hard that when he got back to Centronia he could tell Nelson Baker and the other boys exactly how they looked.

"We'll have to put off our shopping, Sunny Boy," said Mrs. Horton when the automobile stopped before their hotel and they went in to get ready for dinner.

"But we have to buy things for Harriet and Nelson and Ruth," Sunny Boy reminded her anxiously.

"Oh, we'll still have time to do that," his mother told him. "Only to-morrow there is a long auto trip planned—over a hundred miles, and that will interest you. You'll see more places to describe to Nelson."

After dinner that night they walked to the Plaza and listened to the band concert for a little while. The largest and brightest stars that the

travelers had ever seen burned in the sky overhead. All the people from the States who had not been to Porto Rico before spoke of the stars. Sunny Boy was sure they were not the same ones he saw at home, but his daddy said they were pretty much the same.

"But in the tropics, all stars shine more brilliantly and look larger," Mr. Horton explained. "You see they seem nearer, too—that is because of the clear atmosphere."

The children in Porto Rico did not seem to go to bed very early. Sunny Boy saw any number of little fellows, younger than he was, tumbling around the square and just as bright-eyed and happy-looking as though they followed the verse about "early to bed and early to rise" that Grandpa Horton liked to quote to Sunny Boy, and that Sunny Boy did not particularly like to hear.

"Nelson would like to live down here and so would Frank," said Sunny Boy. "They never want to go to bed early."

"Frank wouldn't like to be a Porto Rican boy," Mrs. Adams declared.

She sat next to Mrs. Horton. They had been listening to the music, but just now the band was resting.

"These children eat dried fish—that and rice and beans and bananas are about all they get," Mrs. Adams went on. "Frank doesn't like any kind of fish, I am sorry to say."

"Well, I don't mind rice, but I don't like it very much," said Sunny Boy. "Don't they have spinach or oatmeal, or things like that?"

Mrs. Adams thought not.

"I think I would rather live in Centronia," Sunny Boy decided. "It is nice here, but the houses are funny and the names are so hard to say that geography must be lots harder than ours. And I don't believe Aunt Bessie could spell all the words."

That night Sunny Boy dreamed of Pete Jones who, in the dream, wore a pirate hat and a gold-braided coat like Captain Marshall's and

who was walking up and down before the dungeons under the old stone forts.

"I had such a funny dream, Mother," he said when he was getting dressed the next morning.

The room telephone rang just then and Mrs. Horton answered it.

"There is some one downstairs to see you, Sunny Boy," she said smilingly.

CHAPTER XIII

SUNNY BOY TOURS ALONE

SUNNY BOY couldn't guess who was downstairs. Who do you suppose was waiting to see him? Why, Pete! Pete, who was dressed in a white cotton suit and who looked contented and happy.

"Your father telephoned out to the plantation last night and invited me to go on the automobile ride with you this morning," said the beaming visitor. "So here I am."

Sunny Boy was delighted to see him. Although Pete insisted he had had his breakfast, the Hortons made him come into the dining-room with them and have some coffee and fruit. Pete told them about the plantation and what a fine "boss" Mr. Jaeroz was. Soon the automobiles came for the tourists and it was time to start.

It was a wonderful drive, and the two boys enjoyed every minute of it. They laughed and talked so much and asked so many questions that the other passengers and the guides got excited too, and all really learned more than they would if they had been content to sit quietly and listen. The roads were banked with marvelous trees and greenery and Sunny Boy heard that the scarlet poinsettias he had seen at home at Christmas time grew here "right outdoors" as he later told Harriet. They drove two thousand feet above the sea level, saw tobacco fields and a mountain top, a marvelous dam with a tumbling mass of gleaming water, and dipped down again for a picnic lunch in a quaint city that seemed to be all one flower garden.

Some of the cars went on after the lunch, but Mr. Horton had directed the driver of his automobile to take them to the sugar plantation owned by Mr. Jaeroz. Here Pete was in his glory, and he showed them the plantation which had its own sugar mill. Sunny Boy had his first

taste of sugar cane, and very funny he looked with it—a stick twice as tall as he was. He thought it was sweeter than sugar, and that made them all laugh.

"It *is* sugar," Pete insisted, and so it was.

"That's raw brown sugar in those bags," he went on, pointing to a number of bags on a platform. "They're going to be shipped to the United States where the refineries are. Then perhaps you'll have some white sugar on your oatmeal, Sunny Boy, that came from this very plantation."

That interested Sunny Boy at once, and for a long time after his visit to Porto Rico he never sprinkled any white sugar on his cereal that he did not wonder whether it had come from the plantation where Pete worked.

Pete did not go back with them to San Juan, but he promised to let them hear from him. Mr. Jaeroz, who seemed to take a great interest in the boy, promised also to write occasionally.

"Pete is fortunate to have found an employer

like that," remarked Mr. Horton, as they drove back to the hotel.

Riding all day in the open air makes you very sleepy, you know, and it was not surprising that Sunny Boy nearly went to sleep at the dinner table. He saved himself by winking very fast indeed, but he made no objection when his father suggested that he had better go to bed without going out to listen to the music that night.

After this trip came two days in which Sunny Boy and Mother did their sightseeing without Daddy, for he was very busy with the affair that had brought him to Porto Rico.

"I have to go shopping with Mother in the morning," said Sunny Boy, as he entered the elevator one evening, after a busy and happy day.

He and Mother started out as soon as breakfast was over the next morning. It was their last day in San Juan and the *Santa Maria* would sail at five o'clock that afternoon.

"We'll buy everything this morning,"

planned Mrs. Horton, and then this afternoon we'll go bathing. I think we'll have time. I want you to be able to say that you went in bathing down in Porto Rico, and we've had so many things to do here, Sunny Boy, that it's been hard to find time for them all."

They went through the market first. Not that they wanted to buy anything to eat, but Mrs. Horton said she had heard so much about it, she thought it must be interesting to see.

"Harriet wouldn't like it," declared Sunny Boy as soon as he saw it. "They all put their fingers on the things to eat."

Harriet was very particular, Sunny Boy knew, about not allowing any one to touch the food she was going to buy. She never in the world would have approved of the way the women in Porto Rico felt of the fruit and handled the vegetables. Sunny Boy even saw one smell of a dried fish.

"Look, Mother!" he shouted a few minutes later. "Look! There's a live goat!"

The goat was for sale and so were the live roosters and pigs that were kept in crude pens. Sunny Boy couldn't imagine going to market and coming home with a live pig, and he and his mother were sure that you couldn't buy much else and get it home safely.

"Though perhaps the pig would carry it—on his back, you know," said Sunny Boy.

From the market they went to the gay shops, and here the only trouble was to decide what to buy. Mrs. Horton bought beads for all her friends. Sunny Boy was sure they would like them. Aunt Bessie was very fond of pretty beads to wear and so was Harriet, and he thought that all ladies liked beads.

"But Ruth Baker is too little. What can I buy for her, Mother?" he urged.

They found a cunning little basket for Ruth and a little short chain of brown beads that Mrs. Horton said were berries and would be pretty for a little girl. Then for Nelson, Sunny Boy bought some postage stamps and two curious

coins. Nelson was collecting stamps and coins.

"I want to look at these handkerchiefs," Mrs. Horton said when the small packages were wrapped up and placed safely in her leather bag. "Over here by the hat shop, Sunny Boy."

There was a store where straw hats were made and sold, and it was in the linen store next to this that Mrs. Horton had seen the handkerchiefs.

Sunny Boy started to follow her, and then he stopped, just for a moment, to see a man who was having trouble with something.

"Why!" cried Sunny Boy aloud, "I guess he bought a pig!"

The man had bought a pig, a live pig, at the market, and now he was taking it home. That is, he had started to take it home and he had tied a string to one of the pig's legs. But the pig had a will of its own, and now it was weaving in and out among the crowd and tripping people with the string.

"Look, Mother!" cried Sunny Boy without turning around.

Every one was laughing and shouting and the man who had the pig suddenly let go of the string. Off shot the obstinate animal and a crowd of boys ran pell-mell after it. Sunny Boy ran, too. He wanted to see where the pig would go.

But a four-legged pig can run faster than two-legged boys, and the San Juan streets were so narrow and in places so steep that even the most determined runners had to stop to take breath.

"I don't see where he went. I'll bet he's hiding in some of those old doorways," said Sunny Boy aloud. "Anyway, I guess I'll go back."

My goodness, to his surprise he found that he wasn't where the shops were at all! Worse still, he couldn't catch a glimpse of their gay awnings or the crowd of natives and tourists who had been going in and out of the shops, hunting for bargains.

Sunny Boy took out his handkerchief and mopped his face. He was warm and tired and now he was worried. As he put his handkerchief back in his pocket, he saw a boy standing at a doorway of a house across the street.

"Hello," said Sunny Boy, trying to grin.

The boy nodded and smiled and motioned to Sunny Boy to come over.

"Maybe he can tell me how to get back to the hat shop where Mother is," Sunny Boy thought, crossing the street.

But the boy began to chatter as soon as Sunny Boy was near enough to hear, and it was evident that he did not speak English. He wanted Sunny Boy to come in his house. He made that clear by holding back the door and bowing and smiling.

Sunny Boy wanted to be polite and he was afraid that backing off would not be a courteous way to act. So in he went and found himself surrounded by people. There were ten or twelve in the room. They all crowded around

Sunny Boy and spoke to him, but of course he couldn't tell what they were saying. A woman with lovely dark eyes—Sunny Boy thought she must be the boy's mother—made him sit down at a table and brought him coffee and cheese and bread.

Sunny Boy didn't like cheese and he wasn't allowed to drink coffee at home, but he was bound to be polite in this strange place and he ate and drank everything she gave him. Then one of the little girls put a bunch of wax flowers in his hands and another girl played the guitar and sang a song for him. He did not know what the song was about, but he thought the music was beautiful.

"I've had a lovely time. I have to go now," he said at last, edging toward the door.

They understood that and they all smiled and bowed to him, as their good-by. The boy went with him to the door and waved his hand when Sunny Boy waved his. They smiled and waved at each other till Sunny Boy was out of sight.

He had paid a visit to a native home, but he wasn't any nearer to the shops or the hotel than he had been when he was first lost.

"He was a nice boy," said Sunny Boy to himself, as he trudged along the street. "And these are pretty flowers. Mother will like them."

"Hello!" said a little dark man to him suddenly.

He wore the white cotton suit most of the men in San Juan wore and Sunny Boy was sure he wasn't an American. But he had spoken an English word, so perhaps he could understand that language.

"I'm lost," Sunny Boy announced anxiously. "Can you tell me where all those shops are—where people buy things?"

"Nice day," said the man, smiling politely.

This was dreadful! Sunny Boy tried not to be discouraged.

"I want to go where the stores are," he said again. "You know, with awnings and booths. Don't you know where the stores are?"

He was such a little boy to be alone in this funny old street that even the man seemed to realize at last that something was not quite right.

"You American?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, yes!" Sunny Boy cried. "Of course I'm an American. But I lost my mother. She went to a hat shop—"

"Where do you live?" said the man very slowly and carefully.

Sunny Boy saw at once what a sensible question this was. If he could only get back to the hotel his mother might be there waiting for him or, even if she was still looking for him in the shops and his daddy was out somewhere else, the clerk would know what to do. The clerk was an American, and he and Sunny Boy had talked together about New York and the subway and the nice traffic policemen they had there.

"We're staying at the Sevilla La Romana," said Sunny Boy, quite proud of his pronunciation.

The hotel clerk had taught him how to say it,

and Sunny Boy meant to astonish Nelson when he went home.

The little man said nothing, but his face lighted up. He took Sunny Boy by the hand and began to walk briskly. Sunny Boy hoped they were going toward the hotel, and, sure enough, in a few minutes they came out on the Plaza and Sunny Boy saw the hotel.

"Come on in," he urged, for the man stopped short. "Come and see my mother. Please come."

But the little man refused to budge.

"You go," he said, nodding toward the hotel.

Rather uncertainly Sunny Boy moved toward the broad white-pillared porches.

"Thank you ever so much for bringing me home!" he shouted back as he mounted the steps.

"Say, your folks are looking for you!" called the hotel clerk as Sunny Boy entered the foyer. "How did you find your way back here alone?"

"That man brought me. See? That little one, in the white suit going up the street?"

Sunny Boy replied, pointing to the man who was moving away.

The clerk dashed out of the door and down the steps. Sunny Boy saw him run after the man and stop him and speak to him earnestly.

CHAPTER XIV

A BRAND NEW GAME

"FUNNY old chap!" panted the clerk, when he came back to the hotel.

He had run all the way up the street and back, and he was rather out of breath. He fanned himself with his Panama hat for a minute before he went on.

"I gave him some money, Sunny Boy," he explained. "I knew your father would want me to, because the old fellow brought you home. Now the next thing to do is to get word to your father. He and your mother are just about crazy, trying to find you."

Sunny Boy wanted to go out and hunt for his parents, but the clerk wouldn't hear of it.

"You sit there in that big chair in plain sight and don't you move," he ordered. "You might

get lost again, and then that would be a mix-up. I'll send two of the bellboys out, and they ought to find your people somewhere."

So he started off the bellboys. Before they had gone far they met Mr. and Mrs. Horton coming back to ask if any one had news of Sunny Boy. Mother and Daddy ran all the way to the hotel when they heard he had been found, and maybe Sunny Boy wasn't glad when he saw them come into the foyer!

Mrs. Horton was so afraid he would get lost again that she didn't want him to go anywhere alone, even in the hotel. All through luncheon Sunny Boy told what he had seen and done, and he gave his mother the wax flowers which were much admired by every one who saw them. Mrs. Adams declared that she had never seen such fine ones, and that they were much better than any on sale in the shops.

"Sunny Boy, I don't believe I'll worry about you the next time you are lost," said Mr. Horton teasingly. "You seem to get lost at least

once everywhere we go and you always make new friends and have presents given to you and come home with adventures to tell."

Sunny Boy laughed, but his mother said that the next time they went traveling she meant to tie a rope to Sunny Boy and then she would know where to find him.

That afternoon they went to the beach and Sunny Boy and his daddy went in swimming. It was a beautiful beach and the water was warm, "as warm as toast," Sunny Boy declared. He thought the ocean was a lighter blue that it was at Nestle Cove, but he couldn't be sure.

When they had finished their swim it was time to go back to the hotel and get ready to go on the boat. Sunny Boy said good-by to the hotel clerk and asked him to come to see him if he ever visited Centronia. The clerk said he would and he came out to the automobile to see Sunny Boy off and to shake hands with him again.

Sunny Boy was surprised to find how glad he was to be going home. He liked Porto Rico and

he had had a fine visit—except when he was lost, and that had not lasted long. But he thought it would be fun to be on the *Santa Maria* again and he wanted to get back to Nestle Cove and see if Frank had remembered to send him his watch.

It seemed like going home, said the passengers, to get back to the *Santa Maria.* They were glad to see Captain Marshall and Mr. Kenny and the stewards they knew and each other.

"But I miss Pete Jones," said Sunny Boy to Mr. Kenny.

"I dare say you do," Mr. Kenny replied, his eyes twinkling. "And, Sunny Boy, remember if you find one stowaway, or half a stowaway, on board, you are going to come straight to me and tell me."

Sunny Boy promised again, but there were no stowaways on board ship that trip. And Pete was happy on the sugar plantation, so there was nothing to worry about.

It was late in the afternoon when they sailed and Sunny Boy was careful to take a good look at the forts as they steamed out of the harbor. He thought of the dungeons down underneath and he was very glad that they did not put prisoners in those dreadful places any more.

"I wish there was something we could do," complained Paul Lester the next morning. "I don't want to play with ships. Can't you think of something to play, Sunny Boy?"

Sunny Boy was used to being asked that. He invented nearly all the games he and his friends played at home. He said that if Paul would let him think a minute, he could plan a game.

"A brand-new one," Paul insisted. "One we never played before."

"And an exciting one," Fannie Wainwright cried eagerly.

There were half a dozen boys and girls grouped around Sunny Boy as he tried to think of a game.

"I know!" he said suddenly. "We can play prisoners in the dungeon!"

They stared at him. None of them had ever heard of that game.

"You know the big forts we saw in the harbor?" Sunny Boy explained. "There were dungeons down underneath. Didn't you see the dungeons?"

"Oh, yes, we saw 'em," chorused the children.

"Well then," Sunny Boy went on, "we'll get some captives and put them in the dungeons and take them bread and water to eat."

"But where are the dungeons?" asked Virginia Barton, Fannie's chum on shipboard.

"We have to find them," Sunny Boy answered. "I guess there will be places downstairs."

The children knew their way around the ship perfectly by this time, and they ran down as far as the passengers were allowed to go. Sunny Boy was sorry they could not go in the coal bunkers—they would make lovely dungeons, he

was sure. But Virginia declared that their clothes would be ruined, so perhaps it was lucky that the coal bunkers were forbidden places for passengers.

It was Michael who finally helped them. He was cleaning brass work as usual, and when he saw them wandering around he asked what they were looking for.

"Is it dungeons you're wanting now?" he said, when they had explained to him. "What next? Let me see—there's a stateroom where the water's shut off because of leaky pipes. The berths aren't made up and the people have been moved into seventy-six. The steward might let you play there."

"And bread and water, Michael?" urged Sunny Boy. "We need bread and water to take to the prisoners."

"To be sure," Michael agreed. "I never heard of anything else for the prisoners in their dungeon cells. Bread and water it is."

And the good-natured old man went off to the

steward and got the key to the empty stateroom and sent Sunny Boy off to the kitchen galley to ask the cook for bread. Water they could easily get for themselves in paper cups.

"Now then, have a fine time," said Michael when they were all ready at last. "As for meself, I'll have to be working or hear from the captain."

Of course every one wanted to be the prisoners and lie on the berths, so they had to "count out" as for tag. Sunny Boy and Paul were the lucky ones and they were locked into the room first. They took off their shoes. Sunny Boy had seen pictures of prisoners somewhere and they wore no shoes, so he was sure they should be taken off. Then they lay down, Sunny in the top berth and Paul in the lower. It was a small inside stateroom, with no beds, and it really did seem the least bit like a dungeon, for the light wasn't very good. You were supposed to turn on the electric light, but the boys thought it was more like a real prison without light.

"Oh, hum, I wonder when the jailer will be around with our bread and water?" said Paul.

"Maybe he won't come until it is time to shoot us," Sunny Boy answered.

He remembered what he had heard about the prisoners in the old stone forts.

Paul was more cheerful.

"Perhaps we'll be rescued," he suggested. "Our guide showed us a cell, back in San Juan, where a man had been kept and in the night his army came and cut a hole big enough for him to get out—a hole right in the wall, Sunny Boy."

Sunny Boy yawned. It was a warm day and quite stuffy in the stateroom. Paul yawned, too, and turned over on his back.

"I wouldn't really like to be—a—prisoner," said Sunny Boy slowly.

And then what do you suppose happened? The two prisoners went fast asleep.

How long they slept, they did not know. But Sunny Boy was the first to waken. For a few

minutes he could not remember where he was. Then, as he saw the dim outlines of the furniture in the room, he began to remember.

"Why," he said aloud, sitting up, "they never brought the bread and water!"

Then he leaned down and tried to look in the lower birth. He could see Paul's hand hanging over the edge.

"Paul!" he whispered. "Paul! Wake up!"

Paul opened his eyes and sat up. He was as surprised as Sunny Boy had been till he remembered where he was.

"Nobody brought us any bread and water!" said Sunny Boy resentfully.

"That isn't any way to play," Paul scolded.

They ran over to the door and tried it. It was locked.

"Rattle the knob!" said Paul.

Sunny Boy rattled the knob vigorously. Then he pounded on the panels of the door.

"Hello in there!" some one called. "What's the matter?"

"We want to get out!" Sunny Boy answered eagerly. "The door's locked."

There was the sound of whispering outside the door.

"Stowaways!" some one said excitedly. "Don't you remember that boy we had on the ship coming down? He hid in a stateroom and wasn't discovered for several days. Go and get the captain, quick!"

Sunny Boy stared at Paul. What could they be talking about?

"Let us out!" begged Paul, pounding on the door. "We want to get out!"

There was the sound of more whispering and scuffling in the hall.

"Don't tell," the boys heard some one saying. "You'll have all the passenger list down here. George, you go get the captain. If you can't find him, Mr. Kenny will do."

Then a rap sounded on the door.

"You keep perfectly still in there and you'll be all right," a voice told the boys. "We're

getting the key and you can't get out till it comes, so you might as well be patient."

"I hope he doesn't think we are stowaways," said Sunny Boy in an anxious whisper. "My daddy bought my ticket."

"My mother bought mine," Paul whispered back. "Of course we aren't stowaways!"

"Maybe if you hide in a stateroom, you are," said. Sunny Boy.

"Well, didn't Michael say we could play here?" Paul retorted. "I guess if the steward let him have the key, he doesn't care."

"Here's captain Marshall!" they heard some one out in the hall say a few minutes later.

"Well, what's all this?" the captain's voice demanded. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Captain, we've discovered two stowaways—boys, from the sound of their voices," the some one who had done most of the talking announced.

"Stowaways? Where are they?" the captain asked hurriedly.

"In that stateroom. They're locked in and the

steward must have missed them on his rounds," the some one said.

"You have a pass key, Mr. Kenny. Open the door," ordered the captain.

A key turned in the lock. The door was flung open. Sunny Boy and Paul stared at the crowd gathered in the hall. The crowd stared back, and Captain Marshall and Mr. Kenny stared the hardest of any one.

"Sunny Boy Horton!" Mr. Kenny gasped.

CHAPTER XV

BACK AT THE COVE

IT was Captain Marshall who made the first move. He put back his head and roared with laughter. He laughed so hard that he cried and in a few minutes every one was laughing with him.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the captain. "Ha, ha! Stowaways! I wonder what will happen next! Stowaways—Sunny Boy and Paul!" and he went off into another gale and began to choke and Mr. Kenny had to pat him on the back.

Sunny Boy and Paul didn't see anything very funny, but it made them laugh to see the others so amused. It was rather embarrassing to have so many people looking at them, and they were glad when the people went away and they could tell Captain Marshall and Mr. Kenny what had happened.

"Here's the bread and water on a tray on the floor," said Mr. Kenny. "Something must have happened to make the other children forget you."

"I know now," and Captain Marshall nodded, his eyes still twinkling. "I remember seeing them up on deck, watching a school of porpoises. That's a nice way to act—lock you in and run off and forget you and let you be taken for a couple of stowaways."

The captain chuckled again. He seemed to think that was a great joke.

"Porpoises? Gee, let's go see them!" cried Paul eagerly.

He and Sunny Boy raced up on deck and found the rail lined with people watching the strange creatures. The minute the other children saw the two boys they looked queer.

"We were coming down in just a minute," Elmer Andrews said apologetically.

"In just a minute!" repeated the indignant Paul. "Why, we went to sleep and slept a long time. I don't believe you were ever coming!"

"How did you get out?" Virginia asked.

She had the key in her pocket, so no wonder she was curious to know.

"The captain came and let us out!" Sunny Boy told her. "And Mr. Kenny and—and everybody! They thought we were stowaways!"

"Stowaways! Did they honestly think you were stowaways?" cried Fannie, much shocked.

Porpoises were forgotten for the moment while the children crowded around Sunny Boy and Paul to hear about their adventure. They had left them in the cabin about three quarters of an hour—not longer—and, as Captain Marshall had guessed, had gone up on deck when some one called down that there was something unusual to be seen.

"If I only had had my watch I could have told how long we were asleep," said Sunny Boy, who often sighed for his missing timepiece.

"Well, anyway, you're all right, and next time we won't forget you," Virginia promised, slipping back to her place next the rail.

Sunny Boy and Paul crowded close, and some distance from the ship they saw the porpoises. They were large and black and they seemed to be swimming in single file. They heaved themselves up from the water and then dived into it and they gave the effect of plowing their way through the water.

"You seldom see a school as large as that," the man standing next to Sunny Boy announced.

Sunny Boy glanced up shyly.

"Is that a school?" he asked. "Do they go to school? What do porpoises study?"

The man laughed and several people who had overheard laughed, too. For one dreadful moment Sunny Boy thought every one on deck would laugh as the folks in the hall had done. He didn't mind being laughed at now and then, but no one likes it all the time.

"Well, now, that's a difficult question," the man he had asked said kindly. "I don't doubt the fish in the sea go to school. They must have

a great deal to learn, but of course their lessons wouldn't be like yours. For instance, geography and arithmetic wouldn't do a porpoise much good, would they?"

"Oh, no," said Sunny Boy earnestly. "But what do they study?"

"I imagine how to swim and the routes to different places—sea routes, you know. It can't be very easy to find your way through the ocean without any streets or avenues marked. You couldn't do it, could you, Sunny Boy?"

Sunny Boy was sure he couldn't.

"Maybe they study all the plants and things on the bottom of the ocean," the little lad suggested. "Nelson Baker, a boy I know at home, studies about plants in his school."

"Well, the porpoises may study the ocean plants," the man agreed.

Sunny Boy and the other children watched the porpoises until lunch time and at the table he told his mother and daddy what he had seen and

also that he and Paul had been mistaken for stowaways.

"You never saw a whale, did you, Sunny Boy?" said Mr. Major, who sat at their table again. "Now that's a sight worth mentioning."

"I would *like* to see a whale," Sunny Boy declared. "Did you ever see one, Mr. Major?"

Mr. Major had not, but he had a picture of one and after lunch he showed it to Sunny Boy. It looked like a mountain rising out of the sea and a column of water was spouting from it.

"What makes him do that?" demanded Sunny Boy.

"That's a spouting whale," said Mr. Major. "They're enormous creatures, Sunny Boy, and don't expect to see one, because we're too far South."

But Sunny Boy was so anxious to see a whale he told Paul and together they stayed on deck nearly all the afternoon anxiously watching the ocean. Sunny Boy wanted to see a whale so he could tell Nelson about it, but when five o'clock

came and he had seen no sign of one, he decided that perhaps he was expecting too much.

"I saw an elephant spouting water with his trunk once," he told Paul. "I guess that is almost as good as seeing a whale spout."

Sunny Boy and Paul had to stand a good deal of teasing the rest of the trip about the stowaway mistake. Every time Captain Marshall saw them he would ask if they could tell him where he could find a couple of stowaway boys. Then he would laugh till he was red in the face.

"Why don't you try fishing this morning, Sunny Boy?" the captain asked him a few days before the end of the voyage. "I haven't seen you fishing once since you came aboard."

"Could I fish?" asked Sunny Boy doubtfully. "Could Paul fish, too?"

Sunny Boy and Paul were great chums by this time and Mrs. Lester declared that Sunny Boy had taught Paul how to smile.

"He's a great deal sweeter-tempered since he's been playing with you, Sunny Boy," she

said once. "I think he sees how pleasant it is to have a smiling boy around."

Sunny Boy and Paul played together more than with the other children, because they had found they liked to do the same things. When all the others played they were very apt to want different games and sometimes they argued more than was polite or kind.

"Sure, you and Paul may fish. I'll rig up two lines for you," Captain Marshall promised.

Sunny Boy went down to tell his mother and daddy, who were reading on the middle deck, that he and Paul were going to fish.

"Maybe you'll catch a whale, Sunny Boy," said Mr. Horton teasingly.

"I hope I catch a little fish for Mother," Sunny Boy declared.

Captain Marshall had two long lines ready when Sunny Boy reached the upper deck again, and he said that if the boys had not caught anything by noon, they could tie the lines to the railing while they went down to lunch. No one

would disturb them and they could fish again in the afternoon.

It was fun to watch the lines trailing in the water and when the boys were tired they could sit down on camp stools. Every one who walked around the deck stopped and asked them what luck they were having, and when lunch time came they were surprised to find the morning had gone so quickly.

They tied their lines to the rail, as the captain had suggested, and went down to lunch. But they were so interested in fishing they hurried right back as soon as they were excused.

"I *wish* I could catch a fish!" sighed Sunny Boy, sitting down on his camp stool and untying his line to hold it in his hand.

"Say, you ought to pull your lines up," Mr. Kenny advised them, as he passed just then. "How do you know you didn't have a bite while you were gone?"

Sunny Boy and Paul pulled up their lines as fast as they could, and when they saw two

dangling fishes they gave a shout that could be heard clear around the deck! Each had caught a fish—a real fish! They had them cooked and served for dinner that night, and Mrs. Lester and Mrs. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Horton and Mr. Major and Captain Marshall and Mr. Kenny, who each had a piece, declared they were delicious fresh fish!

"It's really better than a whale," said Sunny Boy, as he watched his mother eating her fish. "I don't know whether a whale is good to eat or not, but it would be awfully hard to pull one up!"

A few days later the *Santa Maria* docked in Boston and all the passengers said good-by to each other. Sunny Boy was sorry to leave the friends he had made, and especially the captain and Mr. Kenny, but he was glad to be going to Nestle Cove.

As soon as they were settled on the train he began to think about his watch and to wonder

whether it would be waiting for him in the post-office.

"Oh, it may not be there as soon as that, precious," said Mrs. Horton. "I wrote Mrs. Witt when we would arrive at the Cove, but she may think it safer to wait till we have been there two or three days. You mustn't expect to find the watch waiting for you."

The familiar station at Nestle Cove was reached on time. Sunny Boy followed his daddy and mother down the steps of the train, and he was looking around for the suitcase when some one rushed up to him.

"Gee, Sunny Boy, but I'm glad to see you!" cried Frank Witt, as he flung his arms around Sunny Boy and hugged him.

"Where's my ring?" Frank said with his next breath.

"Mother has it. Where's my watch?" said Sunny Boy excitedly.

Frank had it in his pocket and gave it back, while Mrs. Horton, to Sunny Boy's great de-

light, took out the leather case from her bag and gave him the ring to give back to Frank.

"I never meant to keep your watch," explained Frank, as the two boys, arm in arm, walked to the bungalow which was not far away. Mr. and Mrs. Horton took a jitney, for they had bags to carry.

"No, Mrs. Adams told us. I was sorry I had your ring so long," Sunny Boy answered. "But I thought you were home. Did you come back to the Cove?"

"We all came down with Aunt Hannah," said Frank. "The doctor said a quiet seashore place would help her to get well, so we came back and took the same bungalow. Do they have bungalows in Porto Rico?"

Then Sunny Boy started to tell of his trip, and there was so much to tell that he had not finished when they reached the bungalow. He told about Pete, and how it felt to be lost where no one spoke English, and about the dungeons, and how he had been taken for a stowaway, and

all about the porpoises, and how he had caught a fish. And he was still talking when Mrs. Horton came out and said that dinner was ready.

"Frank will have to stay and have dinner with us, I think," she said smilingly.

"I'll tell ypu all about the *Santa Maria*," promised Sunny Boy, so Frank said he would stay.

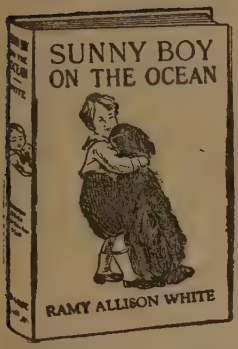
"It's almost as good as going to Porto Rico, to hear Sunny Boy tell about it," Frank declared.

And would you like to follow Sunny Boy in his future adventure? If so you will have to get the next book about him, to be entitled, "Sunny Boy with the Circus."

THE END

THE SUNNY BOY SERIES

By Ramy Allison White



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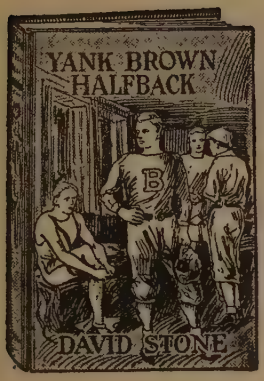

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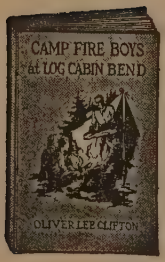

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